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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 679. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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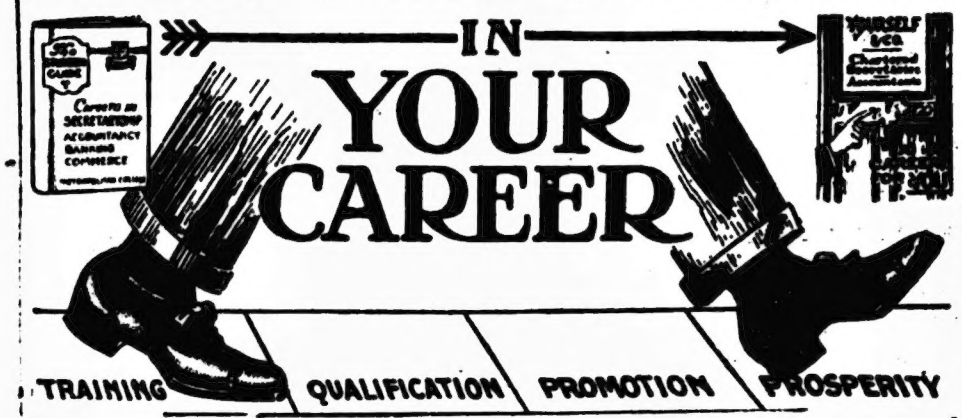

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GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

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I remain, a grateful customer,

DAVID CHARLES GARRETT.

For **Insect Bites** and **Stings, Sore** and **Swollen feet,** as well as minor everyday accidents that happen in every home, **Grasshopper Ointment** is invaluable. **Grasshopper** is absolutely harmless. Do not be persuaded to purchase any substitute. May be obtained from all Chemists and Stores at **1s. 3d.** per box, or direct from Albert and Co., 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

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JOHN BULL

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Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 679. **Week ending Saturday, June 7th, 1919.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Parliament and Peace Terms.

Surely Mr. Bonar Law cannot much longer plead the "public interest" as a reason for refusing Parliament an opportunity to discuss the terms of the Peace Treaty—especially if there is any further delay in getting it signed.

Peace Propaganda.

When are *we* going to wake up and let the world know something of Britain's part in the war? France is already inundated with Yankee films.

American Hustlers.

On the purely commercial side, America is also well in front of the Allies in her struggle for German markets. The hotels in Berlin are already crowded with Yankee bagmen—in the guise of agents of the Young Men's Christian Association!—who are engaged in competition with Japan to get business and new markets. And all the time our politicians are arguing with the enemy—whilst Wilson looks on!

"Insulting the King."

We regret that by a clerical error we spoke last week of German waiters being in attendance on the King during his visit to Birmingham. We should have said Sheffield. As a matter of fact, the Birmingham function was carried out under the personal direction of Mr. Davis, the popular manager of the Queen's Hotel, and there is nothing Hunnish about *him*.

Cheeseparing.

Surely the Government might make an effort to afford special facilities to poor persons desiring to visit the graves of their dear ones now resting in France and Flanders. To plead the paltry excuse of expense is an insult to our dead heroes' memories, as well as to their relatives.

"Second-hand" Military Cars.

Are you *quite* sure that all the "second-hand" cars now coming up for sale by the Army have ever done any work at all beyond being towed to certain repair depôts, and thus being qualified to be put in the category of "crocks"?

The Boom and the Boomerang.

Ministers now are fully resigned to the prospect of losing every by-election for many months to come. "It is inevitable," said one of them to us the other day, "that during the transition stage from war to peace, with its many disappointments and hardships, the Government will be blamed—and that we shall lose seat after seat." We were always convinced that Mr. Lloyd George's promises during the Election boom would prove a boomerang.

Commuting Out-of-Work Pay.

A suggestion reaches us that the Government should commute the out-of-work pay by giving a lump sum to applicants desirous of starting in small businesses. The suggestion is certainly worthy of consideration.

The Kaiser's Brain.

Another suggestion which meets with considerable favour is that, "after the execution of the Kaiser," his brain should be examined by mental specialists. You must, however, first catch your Kaiser.

£500

FOR

HUNT CUP PLACINGS.

See Page iii of Cover.

Williams-Bottomley Debate.

At the time of going to press, Mr. Ben Tillett, M.P., is considering the correspondence which has passed between Mr. Robert Williams and ourselves, with a view to finding, if possible, a form of question upon which both sides can agree as the subject for the proposed public debate. We hope to make a definite announcement upon the matter next week.

The First Love.

What does this mean? According to the *London Gazette*, various gentlemen, naturalised British subjects, who had previously changed their Teutonic surnames for good old British ones—such, for instance, as Mills and Bower—are now going back to their original patronymics—Mills becoming Blumenthal, and Bower becoming Bauer. We must have a word with Mr. Shortt upon the subject.

Honouring the Hun.

We have a letter from a Private in the Grenadier Guards, complaining that he and other men who were recently sent to provide a guard of honour and firing party at a military funeral at Belmont, Surrey, were disgusted to find that the elaborate burial arrangements were in honour of a German prisoner. And yet we are still burying our own men in blankets, without coffins, and without firing parties—except at the expense of their relatives.

The John Bull League.

We have made arrangements under which all members of this body may exchange, free of cost, their certificates for those of the People's League. Will such members therefore communicate direct with the Secretary, People's League, 4 and 5, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.?

The Birmingham Boys.

By the way, what a gathering that was at the Birmingham Town Hall last Friday night! The place was packed to suffocation, and the proceedings were marked throughout by the utmost enthusiasm.

Hospitals and Taxes.

We were wrong when, in a recent paragraph, we coupled hospitals with churches and chapels as being exempt from rates. But we hope we shall soon be right in doing so. There is certainly no justification for favouring the cure of souls in preference to the cure of human bodies.

McCudden's Trophy.

Could anyone tell us what became of that silver aeroplane, mounted on part of a propeller, which was subscribed for by the members of the now disbanded 56th Squadron for presentation to Major McCudden, the famous airman who lost his life in France? Has Mrs. McCudden heard anything about it?

"Bottomley *v.* Pankhurst."

If you want an amusing ten minutes, try and get a copy of the April number of the *Aquila*—the magazine of the Bedford High School—and read the mock trial in which we are represented as prosecuting Miss Christabel Pankhurst for assault and battery. We are glad to observe that at the end Christabel was honourably acquitted, whilst personally we were to pay the costs only out of any portion of the German Indemnity which might come into our pocket!

What are the Odds?

Our contemporary, *Tit-Bits*, in its issue of May 17th, announced as the winner of its £100 prize the holder of War Saving Certificate No. E/14 923876—the lucky winner being "Miss R. M. Lennox, The Orchard, Kenilworth"; and, lo! and behold, our other contemporary, *Ideas*, in its issue of May 28th, also announced the name of the winner of *its* £100 prize, which by a remarkable coincidence was the identical number and is, of course, won by the same lady—except that in the interval between the publication of the two journals she had apparently changed her estate from "Miss" to "Mrs." Lennox. Wonders will never cease.

Local Limericks.—I.

A railway policeman named Skithall
Delights with his pencil to twit all;
On Cannon Street Station
He wins admiration,
By drawing small portraits to fit all.

Beyond Words.

The North-Eastern Railway is circularising its staff, asking all to subscribe a minimum of 3d. weekly to help old superannuated servants in distress. This is a very excellent idea. But that £50,000 ladled out so lavishly to Sir Eric Geddes would have gone a long way to relieving aged railwaymen. In fact, a weekly demand upon poorly-paid clerks and others need never have been made if—Oh, Sir Eric!

"Napoo" for Nurses.

A nursing sister in France angrily complains that nurses and V.A.D.s are forbidden to dance. As consolation of sorts, they are allowed to play children's parlour games, such as hunt the slipper. Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand sisters have their dances every week; also the Waacs "and every other body of women except the British nurses and V.A.D.s." What's the reason of this prudish prohibition? Is Mrs. Grundy in command?

The Problem at Portsmouth.

Portsmouth is feeling the housing trouble badly. The town gave Sergt. Ockenden, a local V.C., a silver casket and an illuminated address, but it could not give him a roof. At Gosport, a Sergeant of the Royal Marines, who took in a brother Sergeant and family when they were homeless, has to turn out because his house has been bought by a man in the Dockyard. You stay at home and pick up the pieces and, when the men return from fighting on the sea, you buy their dwellings over their heads.

Rabies by Order.

According to the new Muzzling Order, so far as it applies to the special area of Acton and Byfleet, dogs must be *muzzled in private*, and *led* as well as muzzled in public. If that isn't official hydrophobia, what is it? If all the dogs in the district don't go mad, too, it will be a wonder. Fancy muzzling Pongo in the back-yard! And keeping the poor beast on the string when you take him for an airing!

The Soldier's Trade.

The mystery thickens. We thought the reason permission to open new businesses was so slowly given, was to protect the interests of tradesmen in the Army. Yet at Teddington, new stores have been opened by a limited company, selling sugar, butter and all sorts of goods. Protest was made on behalf of local men (one grocer, for instance, is in Mesopotamia), but the National Service Ministry have replied that it cannot interfere with the licence granted to that new-coming company, because it is only an affair of trade competition. To us it looks more like trade stealing.

Trevelyan's Tosh.

Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, ex-M.P. for Elland, is still the old Hunshevik, whining about the Peace Treaty that "it has never been the game to kick an enemy when you have got him down." It was certainly never the game to lick a Hun's boots when he was up; and that during the war was the game of C. P. T. and all his tribe. As a peace-by-negotiation defeatist, after having licked their boots, von Trevelyan would have kissed their hands.

More Nasty Contrasts.

Alex Walker (17) was sentenced by Sheriff Valentine, at Coatbridge, to *three weeks'* imprisonment for attempting criminally to assault a girl of 15. John M'Bride, a carter, was fined by the Fiscal (Mr. Smith), at the Glasgow Central Police Court, nine guineas or *six weeks'* imprisonment, for stealing a bottle of whisky. We intend to ask Parliament to help us protect our girls.

Peace Money.

There has been a suggestion that one or two of our silver coins should be issued with a special design to commemorate Peace, when it comes along. The Master of the Mint has said no to the notion, because the Mint is declared to be understaffed. But why have numbers of men been discharged as recently as March last? They are now drawing the donation instead of making money.

"A SCOUNDREL IN A SURPLICE."
See page 8.

In Essex County.

Practically all public bodies have adopted the Civil Service rate of war bonus to their staffs, but the Essex County Council stands sullenly out. The whole of the staff combined to ask the Council to submit the matter to arbitration, but the Councillors would have nothing to do with the notion. So everybody remains underpaid. But at the same meeting the salary of the County Accountant was increased by £200 a year without the quiver of an eyelash.

Those Little Wooden Huts.

One ex-soldier, being an optimist, wrote up to ask if any of the old Army huts were to be presented to soldiers, to enable them to get a living on the land. He said he could do with one, preferably as a gift, but, if he had to pay, would like to do so by instalments. Of course the Surplus Stores Disposal Board soon disposed of him. All huts, it assured him, will be sold by auction or tender. So he can attend any auction, or may make a tender. Consequently, one man goes hutless.

High-handed Action.

In connection with a recent financial effort on behalf of St. Dunstan's Hostel, a City firm gave permission for the suspension from their premises of a banner pleading the cause of our blinded soldiers. Within a few hours, and without a word of explanation, the Public Health Department of the Corporation ordered this inoffensive piece of bunting to be removed, and when the arbitrary command was very naturally ignored, the streamer was promptly torn down by City officials. High-handed, to say the least of it.

Contrast.

In October, 1917, an Essex woman was fined £5 and costs for throwing into her dustbin a piece of stale bread, left in a cupboard by a lodger. A few days ago a farmer was summoned at Bolton for throwing away nearly 40 gallons of new milk. He pleaded that, owing to a strike on the railway, the porters refused to handle the milk, and he gave way to pique. Though he must have known that there were scores of poor little children in Lancashire towns lacking the nourishment of milk, the Magistrates were so sorry for the poor man that they let him off with a fine of £1 and costs. A reader asks us "where the justice comes in." We give it up.

Balked at 70.

There is strong feeling against the injustice that, under the National Health Insurance scheme, all benefits cease at the age of 70. Whatever has been paid in counts for nothing. Yet, after reaching the three-score-and-ten limit a person is most likely to need the sickness and medical benefits, which ought to be continued to him or her. Even the Old Age Pension will not go far in paying doctors' bills.

For Professional Men.

County Londonderry advertises for an Engineering Assistant. He must be a competent surveyor, leveller, and draughtsman, capable of designing works and preparing specifications. He is offered a "fixed salary" of £120 a year. The gentleman who sends us a copy of the advertisement remarks: "Ashby-de-la-Zouch District Council pay their roadmen and scavengers £156 per annum." We leave the contrast to speak for itself.

"Held in Bondage."

After volunteering and being rejected for medical reasons, a man was conscripted and spent 21 months in France and Italy, 15 of them in various hospitals. Yet he is now bound for Italy again! To make matters worse, his home is being ruined by his wife, who is also neglecting his little girl, almost blind. So must be the Army authorities if they cannot see the absurdity and injustice of keeping such a useless man.

An Irish Priest.

Illustrating Sinn Fein in Ireland, a demobilised Roman Catholic soldier of Co. Cavan says that, when he was away fighting "for me and you, and incidentally for a pack of blackguards in this country"—he means Ireland especially—his old mother died. In her last moments "the priest" refused to enter the house and administer the Sacrament for the dying—and all because the son was "fighting for liberty in France." He confides to us the name of the priest.

Contrary Conditions.

Some things in the factory at Gretna are at sixes, while others are at sevens. Tradesmen and labourers on day shift are paid overtime after 47 hours; chargemen, engineering department, overtime and double pay on Sundays. So they are all in clover. In the stubble are the labourers of the boiler and heater houses. Theirs is day, night and Sunday work, and they must put in 54 hours before qualifying for overtime, and Sunday pay is only pay-and-a-half. "Why," they ask, "should we——," but, there, you can guess their question.

As He Pleases.

At Newton Abbot the Food Control Committee fixed the May prices of milk at 5d. a quart, delivered, and 4½d. a quart, fetched. "Any retailer attempting to charge above this price," says the published Order, "should be immediately reported to the Food Control Committee." As a matter of fact, the farmers and retailers decline to sell milk under 6d. a quart, and when anybody reports 'em the Committee do nothing. As a resident in the district puts it, the farmers not having sold the milk at May prices in May, ought to be compelled to sell at May prices in June. Just so; but there will evidently be no compulsion in the matter at all unless the Food Committee, supported by the Magistrates, bring the offenders to book.

Local Limericks.—II.

A Conchie of Bristol named Newman,
Who reckoned all fighting inhuman,
Once taught in a school,
But the white-livered fool
Has been forced to make way for a *true* man.

More of It.

Qualified opticians and spectacle-makers joined the Army in large numbers. Now, on their return to civil life, they find numerous towns invaded by unqualified opticians of alien extraction, without diploma or professional standing—otherwise called quacks. These people open shop even in the same street as is the business of a man still with the Colours. Why are they granted licences?

Audacity.

During the visit of the King and Queen to Birmingham, a postcard bearing a glazed photograph of His Majesty was sold in the streets, and on the back thereof was the imprint, "Published by E. A. Schwerdtieger & Co., London, E.C.; printed at their works in Berlin." The impudence of the vendors in foisting their alien enemy products on the British public during Royal visits is typical of the German method and the German mind.

Doubly Objectionable.

If money to burn is your only encumbrance here is somebody to help you: "Unfurnished flat to let, three large rooms; rent 21s. and £10 bonus required.—5, Lancelot Parade, Wembley. (No children.)" This benefactor of humanity might be moved to state the size of the bonus and the amount of the rent he would extort from a happy couple with children. Also, he might let us know where his parents lived when he came to light.

A Magic Date.

The Civil Service Commissioners make a memorable announcement. Under the Reconstruction Scheme for filling vacancies in the C.S., appointments will be given only to persons born on or after the 2nd August, 1891. But many men born before that magic date were sent into the Army. This new rule by the Commissioners seems specially designed to keep those "old" fellows out of a berth in the Civil Service when they leave the Military.

A Correction.

We much regret having included in the list of prosperous German firms published in our issue of the 24th instant, the name of the Society of Chemical Industry in Basle, and desire to inform our numerous readers that the above firm is purely Swiss owned and controlled, and has, we understand, rendered valuable service to this country during the war. In justice to the Society of Chemical Industry in Basle, we are glad to give prominence to this correction.

The Downward Scale.

Under the scheme for helping disabled men, a number of ex-soldiers went to learn the engineering trade at a Technical School in Salford, afterwards transferred to Manchester. While learning, their pay was £2 a week, but, this being insufficient for decent living, it was raised to 53s. Recently, notice was given that a new scheme was in preparation, the men were dismissed pending its completion and recommended to take the Unemployment Donation—33s. Anxious to fit themselves for the battle of life, they are wondering, as £2 was not enough, what sort of existence 33s. will provide.

Cake.

Advertisement from the *Daily Herald*, the Hunshevik Labour paper: "Revolution of the Mind is necessary. Eat our delicious Bolshevik cake, 1s. 6d. lb. ——— Grocer, Wimbledon." We should have thought the confection more likely to effect a revolt of the stomach.

The King's Uniform.

The dignity of the King's uniform is not maintained when a couple of Brighton policemen dress up as sailors and wander into a pub, hoping to find drunkenness on the premises. A detective who is worth his salt should be able to disguise himself effectually without posing as a sailor or soldier.

Topsy-Turveydom.

Here we have a man anxious to work, with a job open to him, but who is stopped—by the Labour Exchange. He went to the Hull Exchange for a card and number, as docker, but was refused because he was not a docker before war. That is quite true, for he was a soldier before war, having enlisted at 18. The Union would accept him, a stevedore will give him a start, but the Labour Exchange says no, and puts him on unemployment pay!

Marching Orders.

Somebody in Gateshead wants to build billiard saloons. So he has acquired six shops with dwelling rooms above them, and the tenants have notice to quit. This means turning forty people out to join the crowds who cannot find rooms or houses. They have been told they can easily find rooms in the workhouse! On the day the licence to build was granted, a man who wanted to erect similar saloons on waste ground was denied permission. If there is any wisdom in Gateshead, this scheme of wholesale ejections will never be carried through in the present state of things. It is wanton wickedness.

"LASZLO AND THE LIARS."
See page 6.

Real Brotherhood.

The National Window Cleaners' Association, of Liverpool, have just shown the right way to do things. The wife of one member, who works single-handed, reported him in hospital for an operation. The member spotted the danger of his connection being stolen while he was out of it. On a call by the Chairman for volunteers, sixteen master-men offered a day each to take their coat off and keep their comrade's trade going. That was just a start—and a thundering good one. It is an object lesson in real, practical help, as distinguished from, and in addition to, financial aid.

Long Credit.

In one part of the country, at any rate, the Government are taking an unconscionably long time to pay their debts. In the High Ongar district they have not yet settled up with the smallholders and small farmers for last year's hay crop. A Government official in September commandeered the hay crop, and some three months afterwards paid a certain sum on account, and our information is that up to the middle of May "not one producer, so far as could be learned," had received the balance, despite applications. The Keeper of the Cash Box ought to set a better example than this.

"Waiter!"

Hotel waiters hear enviously of the 47-hour week. At one seaside hotel the waiter has to put in 97½ hours every seven days, with never an alteration or alleviation, even in slack times. The pay was 18s. a week, recently raised to a sovereign. And then one wonders why "Charles" expects a tip!

Strangling Trade.

Surely it is high time a little ordinary sense was employed in the restriction of imports, especially from Allied countries and in cases where there is no question of waste of tonnage. We have the instance of a firm of brandy merchants, a well-known concern, with headquarters at Cognac. They are permitted to bring their brandy over in the ordinary way, but are strictly forbidden to import with it a batch of small show-cards, printed in France. Such a restriction seems as ridiculous as it is unnecessary.

Lovers' Lane.

Putney Park Lane, bordering the gardens and grounds of Dover House, is a lovers' lane and a sylvan beauty spot near Putney Heath and Rochampton. There is likelihood of workmen's houses being erected there, and we are appealed to by local residents to save this charming locality from the builder. The nuisance is that we cannot see our way to oblige. Small houses are so necessary that even pretty meadows must be taken for their site, for necessity must come before sentiment. And, after all, the houses need not be ugly ones.

Those Civil Service Pensions.

It seems necessary to correct an error of omission on the part of the Treasury. Through the daily papers it announced increases in Civil Service pensions, and tabulated the amounts in a graduated scale. We referred to that public notice, and intimated that many readers, old pensioners, had experienced none of the benefits foreshadowed. It now appears that the increases refer only to pensions to be granted, and do not affect pensions already in course of payment. In other words, the Treasury raises false hopes and now says old pensioners may go hang!

Money for Nothing.

Although Co-op. Societies, wholesale and retail, with their millions of assets and profits, have always dodged income-tax, according to the *Horticultural Journal* a new concern, called the Oxfordshire Fruit and Vegetable Society, "to be registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts," is to be subsidised by the Agricultural Board—that is, by the State—"the Board to guarantee any loss to the extent of £250 on the first year's working." Meanwhile private traders in competition may struggle on to success or failure as they will.

Boys and Girls.

In Bournemouth a number of boys are employed on the trams. It is cheap labour, and they are said to be holding the places till the old hands return. But those places might be held open temporarily, not by boys, but by some of the hundreds of ex-Service men in the town. In West Ham there are "no vacancies," and a big "waiting list," yet there, as elsewhere, women are still on the trams and 'buses. We would not displace one war widow who needs the work, but it is quite time the married women and single girls stepped down. The soldier has come back to live, not to starve.

"A Potter Thumping His Wet Clay."

If you want to keep dogs without a licence, be a Magistrate in Kidderminster! Thomas D. Potter, J.P., for example, charged with having two dogs and no licence, was let off with 11s. 6d. costs, while Jack Hayes and James Tilsley, mere common persons, were fined respectively 7s. 6d. *and* costs, and £1 5s. *and* costs for a dog apiece. The other Magistrates present (on the Bench) at the County Petty Sessions were R. Woodward, M. Tomkinson, C. Lawley, J. A. Lycett, and C. Trow. We hope poor Potter returned thanks.

Too Much Ribbon.

A Sergeant, R.F.A., Hartlepool, who has been three years in France and one in a German prison, is satisfied, he says, with having done his duty to his country and King and people at home. He sarcastically suggests that soldiers who want ribbons and medals should "make a card about 2 ft. square, with every engagement they have been in printed on it, so that they could hang it around their necks; then perhaps they would be satisfied." The modesty of the Sergeant does him credit. All said, however, it is natural for a soldier to covet the decorations which he has honourably earned.

Keeping the Cash.

About eight weeks ago the wife and little son of an ex-soldier living in Chapel Lane, Armley, were taken seriously ill. Hard-up, the man had to withdraw money from his war gratuity. His Savings Bank deposit book, however, was retained, and despite application after application, the Comptroller does not return it. The gravamen of the matter is best expressed in our friend's own words, "There is £9 in the deposit book, and I have a nice doctor's bill to pay and no means to meet it." Several complaints of this kind have reached us recently. They almost compel the conclusion that the Comptroller retains deposit books in order to put obstacles in the way of withdrawals.

Clear as Mud.

"Notes, Explanations, and Instructions" issued with Income Tax Return forms: "Section J. (19). When the income from all sources does not exceed £800, relief from tax upon £25 may be claimed in respect of any person whom the taxpayer maintains at his own expense, being a *relative* of his or of his wife who is *incapacitated by old age* or infirmity from maintaining himself or herself and whose income from all sources does not exceed £25 a year. (The expression 'relative' here includes any person of whom the taxpayer had the custody and whom he maintained at his own expense *while that person was under the age of* 16 *years*.)" Talk about printer's pie! It's Grade 4 sausage.

A Sorry Day.

Referring to a recent retort of ours on the proposal of a certain Scot to send all Englishmen in Scotland back to their own country, a lass o' Glescae says it would be a sorry day for England if the Scots left there. "You are a well-meaning people," she avers, "but you want backbone, and, sirs, we have got it." Now, if she had said, "You want cheek, and we have got it"!

A Muddling Ministry.

It has come to our knowledge that the Ministry of Labour are referring ex-soldiers desiring employment to various private agencies —some of questionable repute. It might at least take the trouble to examine the credentials of the agencies selected, or ring up JOHN BULL.

The Milky Way.

A King's Lynn farmer lectures us roundly on our "Candid" to the Food Controller about the milk row Preston way. Do we consider it, he asks, reasonable that while wages and everything that farmers need are at least double the old price, farmers can keep going when their milk prices are only a few pence more than pre-war rate? And he tells us his auditor shows his profits very small indeed on his year's farming, and he has all the worry. Generally speaking, however, the farmer has fattened and battened on the war. One case and one year proves nothing; but what does his auditor say about our friend's profits in four years of war, compared with his profits for, say, three years before the war?

Caretakers, Take Care!

The Incorporated Trades of Aberdeen are after one of you! Mr. Alex. Fullerton, Master of Hospital, Trinity Hall, wants a man and wife, either of whom "must be a competent cook accustomed to the charge of a large house," to look after Trinity Hall. The happy applicant who may be selected "will provide and maintain at his own cost one resident housemaid," and "any further assistance needed in the discharge of the duties of Caretaker for cleaning must be provided at his own expense." Salary £130 per annum, and a suite of rooms, free of rent and taxes, and free firing and light. Two-pounds-ten a week for three able-bodied workers, when the purchasing power of the sovereign is under ten shillings! Perhaps Mr. Alex. Fullerton hopes to catch a pensioner.

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is: 79
For Registration Forms see page 20.

Fitting the Cap.

Our recent sketch of the disturbing effect of the arrival of a supply of whisky in a country village, has, according to a correspondent writing from Graffham, West Sussex, been accepted as a particular and true account of recent happenings at the place named. We were not aware that Graffham enjoys a monopoly of harmonious blacksmiths, Foresters' Arms, and village undertakers, but if the cap fits so well, Graffham is free to wear it.

Paignton Profiteers.

By a curious coincidence, Mr. John Bollard, another property owner in Paignton, has been soaring the price of his houses in Blundellsands, when offering them to prospective purchasers, in almost identical terms to Mr. Miller Hughes, whose letter we reproduced in a recent issue. "I was offered this house," says the tenant, "at a price almost 50 per cent. more than was required some months back (note that Hughes also jumped the price 50 per cent.), and he then also finished his letter, 'The house could not be built to-day for . . .'" This likeness in phrasing suggests more than coincidence in house-profiteering. The two house-owners seem to have a bond of union, besides living in the same town and owning property in the same village—two minds with but a single thought, two hearts which beat as one.

"Once Bitten——."

A short time ago a motorist arrived at 8.45 p.m. at the Esplanade Hotel, Frinton-on-Sea, with his wife and a friend, and booked a double-bedded and a single-bedded room. They were served with two cups of cocoa and one whisky-and-soda. At breakfast next morning the motorist asked for the bill. It was presented as "Apartments, Attendance, Baths, Board, £4 14s. 6d. Mineral waters, 8d. Spirits, 2s."—total, £4 17s. 2d. When the motorist protested against the amount as excessive for bed and breakfast for three, he was told, so he states, that the hotel did not cater for people who only stayed the night; that the amount charged was for a whole day; that if the party had arrived earlier they would have been entitled to a six-course dinner; and that they were at liberty to stay to lunch and tea. The best answer to all which is that visitors in like case should offer a reasonable sum, and leave "Miss Prior, Proprietoress," to her legal remedy—if she can think of one.

"Bullets" Holiday Prizes.

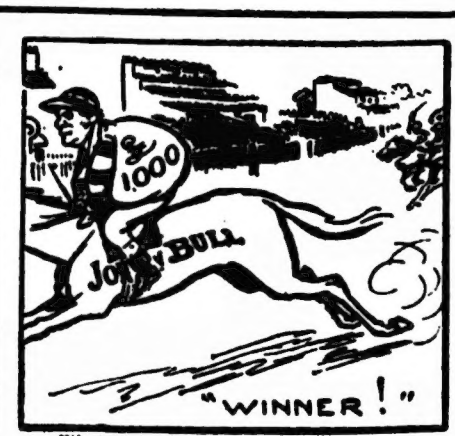
If you want a free holiday this year, why not win a "Bullets" Holiday Prize? If you are awarded one, your complete holiday expenses for a fortnight or a week-end will be defrayed. For full particulars see page 16.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Sam learns that Hawker is O.K., And lives for flight another day.

Well might the uninformed have thought That Hawker victory had brought.

A topsy-turvy business, surely— Soldiers idle, police unruly!



Whatever wins the classic race, JOHN BULL is certain of a place.

Candid Communications.——

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Food Controller.

DEAR CONTROLLER,—Don't you think it might be as well if you find someone to frame the Orders of your Department in a way that plain folks can understand? As things are, even learned lawyers are sometimes baffled. At a certain Police Court the other morning three solicitors admitted their utter inability to make head or tail of the instructions of the Food Ministry, and the Magistrate was compelled to adjourn the proceedings indefinitely for the want of any intelligible explanation of the Order under which the defendant was charged. You can do better than this if you try.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Canon Lovett, Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton.

DEAR RECTOR,—You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that many people, "some blind, and many poor," were turned away from the Peace Thanksgivings which you organised in the Church recently, because they had not purchased a book of words at a shilling a copy. Naturally it was the humbler people who were shut out by the action of your church officials, and I can well believe that they still talk bitterly about their exclusion. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. J. Rendall, School Attendance Officer, Needham Market, Suffolk.

DEAR OFFICER,—At the Police Court the other day you appeared to prosecute a discharged soldier who had taken his 14-year-old boy away from school before the period fixed by the new Education Act. It appears that the father, having been wounded in the war, was still undergoing hospital treatment, and the lad was wanted at home to help with business. In my opinion, it was most unfair that on such a trivial pretext this disabled hero should have been put to the anxiety and trouble of police-court proceedings, more especially as the case was the first of the kind in your district. Did you act under superior orders, or was it your own bright idea? JOHN BULL.

To the Director, Navy and Army Canteens Board.

DEAR CHIEF,—I have a message for you from one of the boys. Using his own straight words, I am desired to ask, "Does the Board know there are a number of men unemployed now who served in Army Canteens before the war? And that their places are filled by girls, and in Ireland by young fellows who have never lifted a hand for King and country, and who openly declare they never will?" My friend also asks: "When are we going to get our jobs back?" *R.S.V.P.* JOHN BULL.

To Mr. John Bridgwater, Bissell Street, Birmingham.

CALLOUS PERSON,—I see that for brutally flogging and kicking your horse you have been fined £2 at the local Police Court. According to the evidence, you thrashed the poor beast unmercifully, striking it forty or fifty times in the space of 300 yards, and afterwards using your boots as a further means of torture. When you had finished, there was blood on the poor animal's hind quarters. If justice had been done, there would have been blood on yours.

JOHN BULL.

To His Worship Dr. Bremner, Mayor of Canterbury.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I see that on the initiative of Councillor J. G. B. Stone, the Chairman of the Watch Committee, the Town Council eventually offered its congratulations to Robert Peacock, the Chief Constable of Manchester, on his knighthood. It is true that praise of this discredited knight was offered before I published the Peacockian record, so that there may be some excuse for Councillor Stone enlarging on the "moral foundation" of the local police, laid by Peacock when he was your Chief Constable. However, now that your Council knows the facts, perhaps it will change its tune. Meanwhile, you might well devote whatever leisure you have available to perpetuating the memory of a real and worthy son of Canterbury, the late Major Mannock, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., who, by his wonderful deeds in the air, brought lasting honour to your city. JOHN BULL.

To Major Keen, J.P., Fleetwood Petty Sessions.

DEAR MAJOR,—I notice that at a recent sitting of your Court, you inquired with a fine assumption of innocence, "What is JOHN BULL?" In propounding this witty conundrum, you were no doubt copying the example of those exalted judicial humorists who are apt occasionally to inquire "What is the Derby?" But I advise you not to proceed too far in imitation of these lofty exemplars of judicial style, otherwise I fear some rude person may inquire "What is Major Keen?" And what *could* one say then? JOHN BULL.

To N. Worsley, Esq., Chairman, Bury Guardians.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—I am sorry that in choosing a Relieving Officer for the Ramsbottom district you should have paid so little regard to the claims of discharged soldiers. On this matter I am in entire agreement with the indignant protest addressed to you by the Discharged Soldiers' Association; and as for the statement that the only ex-soldiers applying were too young for the position—well, I cannot accept this version of the facts. To my knowledge, one of the candidates applying was a man 48 years of age, with lengthy experience of Poor Law work before he entered the Army. Why was *he* ignored? JOHN BULL.

To Police-Constable Norris, Birmingham City Force.

DEAR CONSTABLE,—You are a regular sleuth-hound in the detection of crime. The other day, a discharged soldier, named John Turner, allowed a few people to look over his shoulder at an evening paper; whereat you pounced upon him for "causing an obstruction," and haled him to the Police Court, where he was fined 10s. Nothing exhausted by this strenuous bit of work, you next seized upon an inoffensive newsvendor, whose crime was apparently that he had stood on the pavement for a few moments to sell papers that the public were eager to buy. In this case, also a 10s. fine was imposed—so I hope you are satisfied. But be sure you don't overdo it, or you may burst a blood-vessel.

JOHN BULL.

THE PENALTY OF KEENNESS.

DISTINGUISHED FLYING OFFICER TURNED ADRIFT.

It is difficult to discover the principles, if any, upon which the authorities are proceeding in regard to the demobilisation of the Royal Air Force. Take the treatment accorded to an R.A.F. pilot who, since his transfer from the infantry where he earned the Mons ribbon, has had a most successful flying career, winning the Military Cross and the Distinguished Flying Order. Having taken part in over 100 bombing raids on German military positions and been several times mentioned in despatches, this officer had hoped that he might be considered eligible for a permanent Commission in the R.A.F., but the War Office were determined to thrust him out of the Service. A week or two ago he received the customary 28 days' notice to relinquish his temporary Commission, followed a few days later by the amazing intimation that it had been decided that for the future only 14 days' notice should be given in such cases; and it was therefore proposed to dock him 12 days' pay and allowances as a final mark of esteem from the Army. Already bitterly disappointed at the failure of his plans for a permanent career, he resentfully contrasts this shabby treatment with that of a friend of his, who, though desperately anxious to get away to the United States, where he has been offered a first-class billet, sees no prospect of release from the R.A.F., the authorities having apparently made up their minds to retain him against his will, even though he has no particular liking for the Service, and has, in fact, obtained prolonged leave of absence. Such gross anomalies call for instant redress.

HELPLESS ON FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK.

GRIM STORY OF NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE.

Oh, that Ninepence-for-Fourpence! Very many distressing cases come to us about the phantom "benefits" that fail to accrue to folk who have bought their stamps for years. Perhaps the hardest lot of all is that of unfortunate people who are totally disabled, and have to survive as long as they can on the total disability "benefit" of—five shillings a week!—which is all they receive under the boasted and boosted National Health Insurance scheme. Without betraying his identity—for the old fellow is proud in his poverty—let us tell of one of these. He is 65, has been a mariner, and a farm-worker until consumption got him in its deadly grip. The panel doctor said "sanatorium," but sanatorium treatment was denied him, for he was classed as too far gone. He was relegated to the scrap-heap of tuberculous pensioners on 5s. a week, the benefit he has paid for. At first he was allowed some milk and eggs, but that did not last long, for the local officer told him there were no more funds in hand. So he is now, and has been for some time, "living" on a total income of 5s. a week and a bottle of cod-liver oil now and then. On what has he lived? Potatoes. How much coal did he buy? None. All last winter he had no fire at all beyond some of the sticks he picked up. The story is too heart-rending to continue. But we have said enough to show the dreadful irony of that promise of ninepence-for-fourpence to prove the failure of the scheme to meet the first essential needs, and to point out the immediate importance of more "benefit" being paid to folk totally disabled, tuberculously and otherwise.

A SUSSEX SLOUGH.

SCANDALOUS WASTE NEAR CHICHESTER.

When the Government have got the Slough scandal off their hands, perhaps someone will be good enough to inquire into the muddle and waste that have attended the enterprise of the War Office at Lavant, near Chichester. Here are a few of the facts to go on with. Two years ago the War Office purchased a small forest at Slindon from a Mr. Isaacson, for, it is alleged, £100,000. Canadians and Hun prisoners felled it. The Government then bought or commandeered some land at Lavant, erected buildings, a chimney shaft, etc., for the purpose of making an explosive from the lop-wood lying five miles away, and they are still building. They were warned that it was an unsuitable site on account of running sand, but went merrily on their heedless way—with the result that the buildings and shaft are already falling, and when the underground water subsides in the summer will probably crumble up entirely. They tried to sink a well for water, but the running sand overwhelmed the operation, and there is now no water supply. Nevertheless, they are busy erecting an electric aerial railway, employing German prisoners to put up the tripods. There are no houses or cottages near the site, but it is rumoured that 100 are to be built. Meanwhile, motors carry the workmen to and from Chichester daily. The excuse for the continuation of the work now that the war is over is said to be an intention to convert the buildings into a dye factory. But the running sand will have something to say to that. The estimated total cost of this fiasco up to the present is about £250,000!

LASZLO AND THE LIARS.

THE TRAITOR PAINTER AND A PUBLIC INQUIRY.

PHILIP ALEXIUS Laszlo de Lombos—in other words Laszlo, the Society portrait painter—has many friends still. And in spite of all that has happened, in spite of the fact that having taken the oath of allegiance to the King at an opportune moment on the outbreak of war, he was afterwards sent to prison, this man is now represented to us as the unhappy victim of jealous rivals, the inoffensive martyr over whom noble lords in the House of Peers should be ready to shed the silent tear of pity. We welcome this display of misplaced sympathy—it clears the air, and brings to a head one of the most amazing cases of enemy perfidy revealed during the war. We have had no hesitation in fitting the right term to Laszlo, because he has been treated as a traitor and because he was discovered in correspondence with the enemy.

THOSE FOUR SPONSORS.

If he was not a traitor why was he interned? If he was a loyal subject of the King, faithful to the oath he took when in August, 1914, he sought nationalisation, why according to the latest official statement is he now in a nursing home "under strict conditions and supervision"? Someone is lying. Who are the liars? Is it the Home Office or the War Office who in the interests of the State laid the Society darling by the heels—or is it Laszlo who pretends his innocence, and those misguided noble lords who even now are prepared to stand sponsor for the loyalty of a man found to be dangerous to the State? For months we have asked for some explanation or apology from those persons—"four natural-born British subjects"—who, when Laszlo made his application to the Home Office for nationalisation on July 28th, 1914—seven days before war was declared—supported it by formal declaration as to his respectability and loyalty. These four persons were Mr. Balfour, the present Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Lord Lee of Fareham, then Sir A. Lee, M.P., and later a member of the Government; Lord Devonport, who afterwards became Food Controller, and Howard Guinness, related by marriage to Laszlo, his wife being an English lady. So you see that three men who are or have been Ministers of the Crown guaranteed the loyalty of this enemy alien who later, when we were in the throes of war, it was found necessary to lay by the heels and put in Brixton Prison.

LORD DEVONPORT SPEAKS OUT.

But at last one of the sponsors has had the courage to speak. Mr. Balfour has never opened his mouth; Lord Lee has been as dumb as a deaf mute. Under provocation Lord Devonport has now spoken, and the provocation came in this way: The other day, in the House of Lords, Lord Wittenham, who, as Mr. Faber, M.P. for Clapham, has been a terror to the Hun in our midst, did his duty as a patriotic Englishman. He dared to be curious about the fate of Laszlo. Many strange rumours have been floating around, including one that this creature, who proved false to his newly-sworn oath, was to be allowed to remain in this country. Lord Wittenham wanted to know what JOHN BULL has repeatedly asked: Why Laszlo, being a British subject when he committed certain offences against the safety of the realm, was not tried for high treason instead of being interned; and incidentally he wanted to know whether Laszlo, a hereditary noble by grace of the Austrian Emperor and a member of our own Victorian Order, had yet been denaturalised. Needless to add, the Government had little or no information to impart—the Home Office is always touchy on the question of enemy aliens and naturalised traitors. But Viscount Devonport, one of the Laszlo sponsors, actually at last opened his mouth and told us something. And this is his statement: that Laszlo has applied to the Home Office for a public hearing, "in order that he might have an opportunity of answering publicly charges which are made against him." We sincerely trust that public hearing will be granted, and that not only will the four persons who guaranteed the respectability and loyalty of Laszlo be called to give evidence, but that the Military Intelligence Department of the War Office will make known to the public the information on which they sought to induce the Home Office to act long before the Society painter was arrested and interned. We shall than learn what truth there is in the story that Laszlo communicated with a blacksmith brother in the enemy country through the medium of a neutral diplomat, the nature of the information conveyed to the enemy, and the reasons for the internment in Brixton Gaol of this Society favourite.

A WANTON CHARGE.

If we are to believe Lord Weardale, who, although not one of the traitor's sponsors, is still prepared to go bail for Laszlo, nothing had happened—the suspicions of the military and the police, the evidence of the intercepted letters, the strong step of interning a naturalised nobleman—all count for nothing, and, what is more, Laszlo has been the victim of a cruel and criminal conspiracy on the part of "a certain section of the artistic world." "There are artists," Lord Weardale tells us, "who are not particularly pleased to see the pictures of a foreign artist sold at much higher prices than their own," and he dares to declare that "artistic jealousy has in a great degree prompted this virulence of sentiment with regard to Mr. Laszlo." A baser or more wanton charge was never made. JOHN BULL has been foremost in denouncing this Laszlo business, yet it has never at any time been approached by a single artist nor has it heard a word of any such conspiracy as Lord Weardale suggests. To charge British artists with a criminal conspiracy actuated by trade jealousy, and to imply that the authorities were induced to imprison this disloyal person without real evidence, is to make a charge which should not be allowed to go unrefuted. Let Laszlo have a public Inquiry. It will throw a good deal of light on the methods of the enemy alien, and do much to stimulate the national demand for a more effectual supervision of the foe in our midst and a closer hold upon the inestimable boon of naturalisation.

HELP BEGINS AT HOME.

GUARDS' CLUB GIVE A POST TO AN OUTSIDER.

Appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* a few days ago, an advertisement of the Brigade of Guards Employment Society, Buckingham Gate, announced that they "have on their books men of fine physique, and at least three years' good character, who are leaving the Colours and who are well suited for employment as messengers," etc. Not far from this appeared another: "Night hall-porter wanted, steady, reliable man. Must have good references. Apply . . . Steward, Guards Club, Pall Mall." Now as the Guards Club is the social home in London of officers of the Guards, one would imagine that when they wanted a night hall-porter the Management Committee would have sought a man from the list of the Brigade of Guards Employment Society. This is precisely what they did not do. When one member of the Society who has served 14¼ years in the Grenadier Guards and has been recently demobilised called at the Club at 5 in the afternoon, he found the post had been filled by a man who had no connection with the Society whatever. Surely the Secretary could have rung up the Brigade of Guards Employment Society, and almost an *embarras des richesses* of suitable applicants would have been put before him. It will be noticed that the advertisement of the Guards Club did not even stipulate for an ex-Service man. What *is* done is done; but we hope that in future ex-Guardsmen will have the preference.

THE TRAMWAY AND THE PUMP.

THOSE SHOCKING BEER AND WHISKY ADS.

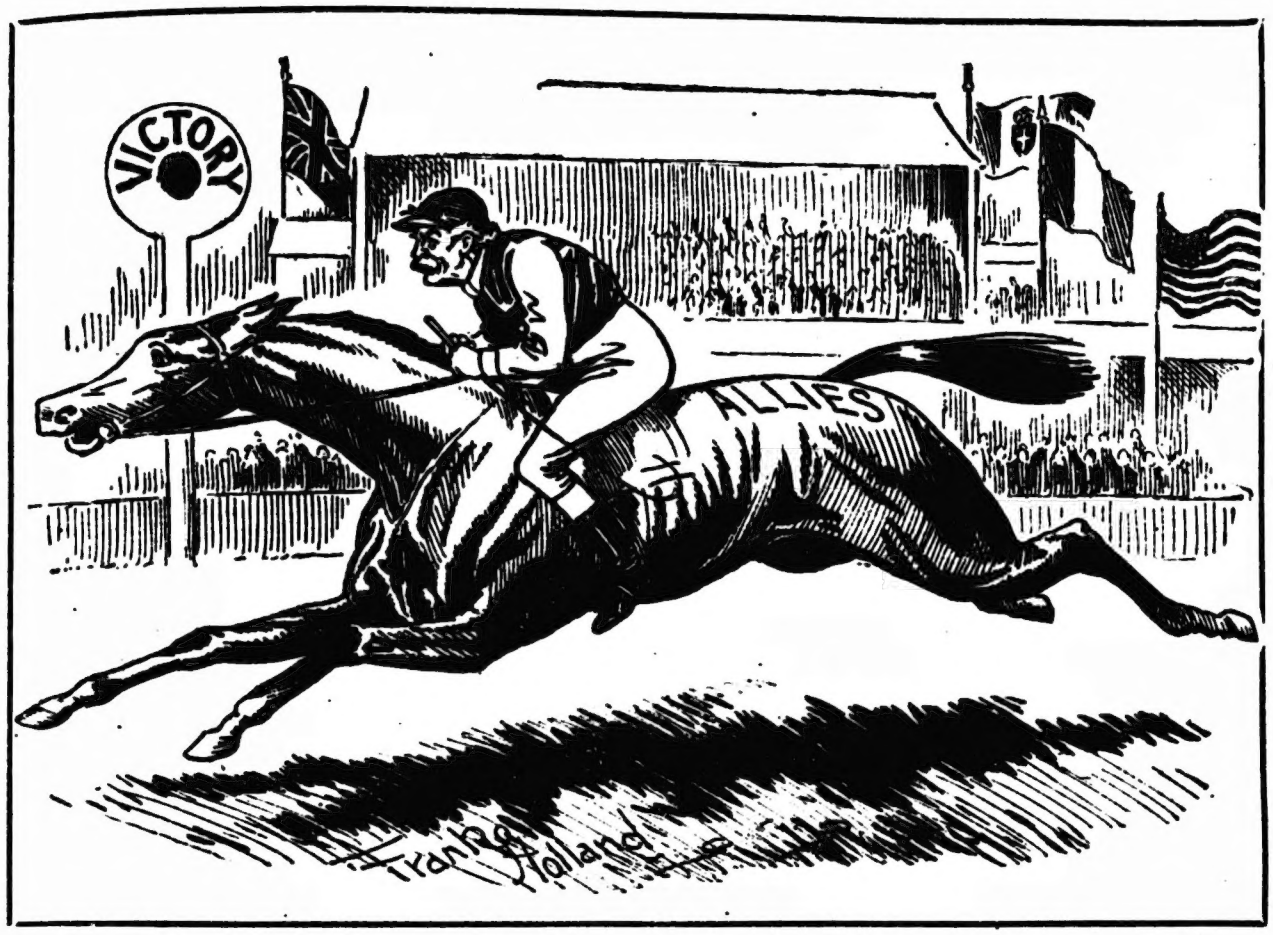
Alderman W. Roberts, of the Cardiff Town Council, is one of those diverting apostles of the pump who amuse other people by the absurdity of their public posturings. It seems that among the advertisements accepted for Cardiff tramcars are a few acclaiming certain brands of beer and whisky. How long they have been upon the cars does not appear by the reports of the debate, but Alderman Roberts seems to have recently noticed them. So terribly shocked is he that money should pass into the City Treasury through these alluring invitations to drink that he has suggested to the Chairman of the Tramways Committee that he should give notice of motion to rescind the decision of the Council in the matter. "If anyone offered me £10 to advertise drink on my tramcar," protested the Alderman, "I should decline it, and why should the ratepayers be forced to make money out of this service, and make their cars look disgraceful by the advertisements of distillers and brewers?" Alderman Thomas, of course, does not see that if the cars are not to have beer and whisky advertisements because he and his friends do not drink whisky, other people who don't drink tea or cocoa, or "pop" or pickled onions, are equally entitled to object to any advertising "puffs" about them either. There seems to be absolutely no limit to the ludicrously fanatical bigotry of such people as Alderman Roberts.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE KIPPER?

IMPREGNATED WITH CARBOLIC ACID.

For what Mr. Harry Lauder would call a considerrable period, the kipper and "haddie" have not been what they ought to be. They smelt as if they had been born in a petrol tank, and tasted as if they had been reared in a tannery. A firm of Grimsby herring and haddock curers are now good enough to explain the kipper and the haddock with frankness, with resentment, and with scorn. They say that the Admiralty is hustling the release of vessels for fishing, and that as fast as they are freed they are refitted by the owners. "When they come to repaint the fish rooms and the boards which hold the fish in position, they use dreadful compo and carbolic. The result is that it searches into the fish, and woe be to the people who eat it. The crews of the vessels do not attempt to eat any of it themselves until the vessel has made three or four trips to sea. We often note of the Coroner's Courts in London that people die through ptomaine poisoning from bad fish. The secret is this compo and carbolic. The curing-trade are being ruined through it, and customers are deluging us with their complaints—as you will see from the enclosed eloquent sample." It is a scandalous as well as a dangerous practice, for while those who wisely waste the fish are practically defrauded of the money they paid for it, other people having paid for it cannot afford to waste it, and therefore eat it at grave risk of serious intestinal trouble.

PASSING THE POST!



ALLIES FIRST—GERMANY NOWHERE!

A HEARTLESS SNUB.

BOY SCOUTS' UNREWARDED EFFORT.

Many nice things have been said about the Boy Scouts during the war; nevertheless, it appears that these gallant youngsters came in for their share of official snubbing. At the height of the Army's voracious demand for munitions an appeal was addressed to householders, urging them to save up old tins, scrap metal, paper, etc., which were to be collected under the authority of the Government and passed on to the factories. In many districts the work of collection was entrusted to the Boy Scouts, who threw themselves heart and soul into a task which they were taught to regard as of first-class national importance. But like many another patriotic effort, the zeal and energy of the youngsters seem in a number of cases to have been utterly wasted through the tactless blundering of the higher powers. At Buntingford, Herts, the local Scouts, with a sparse population to work upon, made a wonderful collection of pots and pans, which, in accordance with official instructions, were assembled at a central depôt for removal by the Ministry of Munitions. Imagine the boys' disappointment when, after weeks of untiring effort, their Scoutmaster was informed that the two or three tons of metal collected were "not worth the railway freightage"—and this without a word of acknowledgment of the hard work that had been put in. After the signing of the Armistice, to add insult to injury, the Scouts were asked to remove the scrap from the depôt for disposal as worthless refuse, and finally the whole collection, six heaped cartloads, was taken away and buried out of sight at the expense of the local enthusiasts who had interested themselves in the scheme. Scarcely worth while, it may be thought, to recall this little episode now that the war is won, but it has to be remembered that in many directions we are still at the mercy of the high-handed officialism that offered this gross affront to the hopeful patriotism of these young soldiers of the King.

THE PEARLY WAY.

MEAN WITHDRAWAL OF A SOLDIER'S ALLOWANCE.

The other day the Pearl Assurance Company—that mammoth concern with its palatial offices in Holborn—were congratulating their staff upon a premium increase of £750,000 in a single year—whereat we ventured to express the hope that part of the added profits might be shared with the hard-working agents. Unfortunately this is not the Pearly way. A glaring instance of the Company's ungenerous methods is furnished by the experience of an ex-collector still serving with the Army in France. For eight weeks after this man's enlistment he received no allowance at all from his former employers; then, after searching inquiry into his domestic circumstances, and in consideration of his eight-and-a half years' service, the Company awarded him a grant of 8s. 6d. weekly—nearly half of which came back to them again in the shape of industrial premiums on the soldier's family. It is not without significance that the ex-collector seems to have regarded this paltry grant as an amazing freak of generosity on the part of his old employers, out of gratitude to whom he declined promotion in the Army which might have hindered his demobilisation, and refused to contemplate any change of occupation on his return to civil life. But the Pearl Assurance Company are not troubled with fine sentiments. From the outset, these greedy premium-hunters had sorely begrudged the weekly 8s. 6d. for the family of a fighting man; and in April last the soldier being still retained in the Army and his separation allowance slightly increased in consequence, they wrote to inform him that the weekly grant from the Company was at an end. In vain was it pointed out that the man was not a member of the Army of Occupation, and that his release might be expected at any moment, these statements being confirmed by his C.O. With 8s. 6d. a week to be saved, any excuse was good enough, and the Company obstinately refused to amend their decision—which stands as a monument of meanness to be set off against the splendour of that £750,000.

KITCHENER.

DIED JUNE 5, 1916.

Is this, O Britons, now to be the fate
Of gallant Captains who have served the State?
Dead, wept, and honoured first, and then abused,
And as a controversial weapon used—
When they have laboured, face to face with Death,
And for their country drawn their latest breath?
May they not rest in peace? Must their proved fame
Be smirched to save some meaner men from shame?

* * *

Whate'er his faults, he did, and gave his best.
Kitchener died for Britain! Let him rest.

CRIME OF DEMOBILISATION.

CALLOUS DISREGARD OF CRYING NEED.

A Liverpool man was brought home from Russia on 28 days' compassionate leave. Only on arrival did he learn the trouble in front of him—influenza had stricken his wife and family of four children. Two of the little ones had passed away, his wife had been removed to the County Asylum and the other two children had been taken to the Union. The soldier, a B2 man, got those two children home and tended them. He wrote to the Records Office at Woking, giving full particulars, and asking for his discharge on compassionate grounds. There was no reply, nor could he get an answer to his request for extension of leave. This he procured from the C.O. at the nearest Depôt, and again appealed to Records. All his letters were ingored. Then the C.O. took up the case, moved by its distressing features, and, after nearly 10 weeks, he did get a reply—asking for the correspondence in the case, which could not be traced by Records! The man has not yet been released, though his old employers have also applied for him. His wife is back again, and his great desire is to save his home, his wife, and the two little ones left to him. It looks as though his letters were deliberately ignored at Woking, and that it was not until an officer intervened that the people there suddenly thought they had better do something

MEAN METHODS.

DOCKING PAY WHEN DUTY'S DONE.

Early last January the A.P.C., Blackheath, advertised for "several male clerks. Wages 5ós. 6d. per week." Amongst those who responded was a young, recently demobilised soldier who, having produced his Army discharge given satisfactory proof of character, and passed a written test of qualification, was engaged under a contract that merely specified him as a temporary writer at the rate of wages already mentioned, nothing being said with respect to any age qualification. While the great rush of demobilisation continued, he, with others similarly circumstanced, worked under very trying conditions and harder than usually falls to the lot of any private employee in a business house. When, about the beginning of April, the worst of the rush was over—when, that is to say, his efforts had been used to the fullest possible extent—he, again with others, was presented with the following notification: "Please note that your appointment as a Temporary Writer in this Office cannot be approved owing to your being under the age of 19 on the date of your engagement. You are therefore hereby given 14 days' notice to terminate your engagement from Saturday the 5th instant. Your rate of pay from that date, whilst under notice, will be 24s. 6d. per week. As you have been considerably overpaid, will you please inform me in writing how you propose to refund the overpayment?" Old enough to take a man's part in the war, he was not deemed old enough to receive a man's pay for doing a man's work—when, at any rate, it was found that his services could be dispensed with. Much of the present unrest can be traced to such methods of meanness.

A SCOUNDREL IN A SURPLICE.

THE POLICE AND THE BESTIAL BEHAVIOUR OF A SUFFOLK RECTOR.

AT the quiet village of Hintlesham, Suffolk, almost the last place in the country where one would expect to discover the trail of loathsome vice, a gross scandal has occurred, the affair being of so horrible a character that we would prefer to pass it by in silence, except that the demands of justice are still unsatisfied. Until a month or two ago, the "cure of souls" in this rural parish, quite a comfortable living with excellent tithes, was in the hands of the Rev. Anthony Anstruther Wilkinson, a man 60 years of age, who, but for the vicious strain that turned him into a criminal at the last, might have ended his days in peace and honour. The Rector's terrible fall was not wholly unanticipated. From time to time, ugly rumour had been busy with his name, and, as the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich had finally to admit, "there had been long continuance in evil-doing."

A CASE FOR THE POLICE.

In the early part of this year there was sufficient evidence to justify criminal proceedings. The Rector had been guilty of several grave acts of immorality with boys of the parish. His own vestry at the Hintlesham Parish Church had been polluted by the grossest indecency. The lads whom this vile old man had debauched and corrupted for the gratification of his senile passion were on the threshold of manhood, and it was not surprising that after a single moment of weakness they should have turned on their tempter with anger in their hearts. Clearly it was a case for the police. But the Rev. Anthony Anstruther Wilkinson, for all his filth, was a beneficed clergyman—a minister in holy things, a priest of God! Not for him the rude processes of the criminal law, the publicity of an Assize Court, the terrors of judge and jury. For swine in surplices there are gentler methods, and at all costs there must be no "scandal to the Church." Of course, the wretch must stand his trial like any other man caught red-handed in vile debauchery. But, if things were left to the good Bishop, the matter might be quite nicely arranged. There was, we believe, a suggestion that if the Rector would confess his guilt he might be quietly removed from his living and all scandal avoided, but to this smooth course the scoundrel would not assent. In due time, therefore, the Bishop was moved to establish a Consistory Court of the Diocese of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich for the trial of the clergyman, and before this tribunal, early in March, Anthony Anstruther Wilkinson was arraigned for conduct so vile that hardened habitués of the criminal courts might have blushed to hear it told.

THE "BENEFIT OF CLERGY."

The trial lasted four days, eminent counsel being retained for and against the accused cleric—but not all the forensic skill of his advocates could mitigate the old man's undoubted guilt. However, condemnation by a Consistory Court was not the equivalent of conviction by a judge and jury. In the cloisteral shades of Bury Cathedral, the law was shorn of most of its wholesome terrors. The powers of the Consistory Court extended no further than to deprive the guilty man of his status and privileges as a Clerk in Holy Orders, and even within these narrow limits the Bishop was loth to exercise his full authority. For his vile traffic with the youth of the parish, for the gross and abominable conduct that had defiled the very precincts of the sanctuary—for behaviour the very mention of which is a foul profanity—the Rector of Hintlesham was neither summarily excommunicated from all priestly association with the Church of England, nor stripped forthwith of the surplice he had soiled with his crimes, but merely deprived of his benefice, and the Court adjourned for the Bishop to consider the question of "further proceedings." As we write, we learn that a few days ago—almost as if in anticipation of our disclosures—the Rev. A. A. Wilkinson was formally unfrocked at Bury St. Edmunds and expelled from the Church whose service he had so grossly dishonoured. But it was nearly three months ago that his guilt was publicly proclaimed. In the interval, this man—convicted of offences from which many a hardened reprobate would recoil in disgust—remained an ordained priest of the English Church—deprived, it is true, of his living at Hintlesham, but with all other benefit of clergy unimpaired and with the right to intrude his filthy presence into the most sacred offices of religion. Happily that scandal is at an end. But the matter cannot rest there. A further question of principle of the utmost moment is at stake. The evidence in this revolting case must be laid before the Public Prosecutor. Any impression that in matters of this sort there is one law for the layman and another for the cleric will be disastrous. Where the protection of youth and the innocence of childhood are concerned, clergy and laity must stand on a common footing, answerable alike to the criminal law. With the Bishop of Ipswich we deplore the "scandal to the Church," but we cannot approve of his Lordship's desire to protect the unfrocked Rector of Hintlesham from the just consequences of his horrible conduct. Unless the disgraced priest is compelled to answer for his crimes to a jury of his countrymen, he may easily contrive to impose upon the unwary and to win access to society which in common decency should be closed to him for ever.

A DISGRACEFUL FARCE.

A week or two ago, following the disgrace and exposure of the Consistory Court, there was a little gathering at the Rectory, Hintlesham, for the purpose of presenting a purse of money to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson on their "removal from the parish," the presentation being undertaken by a lady—a Mrs. Percy Beer. We are not acquainted with Mrs. Beer, but we take her to be a decent woman, and we cannot believe that she would have lent herself to this honorific farce if she had been familiar with the disgusting details of the ex-Rector's conduct. Unfortunately, the proceedings of the Consistory Court were not open to the public, and the reports of the trial were so abbreviated as to afford no true index to the Rector's depravity. It is no satisfaction to us to complete the exposure of this disgusting old reprobate, except that it enables us to warn the public of his propensities, and to protest against the suggestion, implied in the Bishop's handling of this case, that bestiality in a cleric is a crime less heinous than where no surplice cloaks the miscreant's guilt.

IN THE HOUSE.

THE EDITOR'S WEEK'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

DURING the past week I have been fairly busy. The Courts-Martial Inquiry—which, I am happy to say, is now drawing to a close—has made a big inroad into my time, and I can only hope that the result of its investigations will justify all the work which has been entailed.

The Aliens Bill Committee stage—which will be conducted through the medium of one of the Grand Committees—is now about to commence, and, having been specially nominated for the purpose of this measure, I am afraid that further considerable demands upon me have to be faced.

I greatly amused the House by suggesting that the rising for the Whitsun recess—fixed by the Government for Friday, June 6th—should take place a few days earlier "to enable Members to avail themselves of the great Epsom carnival, for the purpose of considering the social habits of the people and judging of the possibility of raising revenue from racing and betting." Mr. Bonar Law was quite equal to the occasion, regretfully admitting that he had been obliged to ignore the festival, and whilst recognising the obligation upon Members to avail themselves of every possible source of securing information to assist them in their legislative work, observed that in this case, as in others, "Members have to choose between different duties." Personally, I know that the great majority of M.P.s intend to witness the Victory Derby, and I confess I should like to see a return to the good old custom of adjourning the House for the occasion.

A more serious part of my week's work was the seconding of the Resolution moved by General Page-Croft, calling attention to Party funds and "honours" and insisting upon the disclosure of all subscriptions to such funds. The General introduced the subject in a speech of very considerable force and merit, and a capital debate ensued. Mr. Bonar Law with great adroitness endeavoured to effect a compromise by accepting that portion of the Resolution which declared that subscriptions to Party funds should not in any way control the bestowal of "honours," but the gallant General was not to be caught with such parliamentary chaff, and insisted upon taking his motion to a division—when, despite the combined efforts of all the Coalition Whips to keep their men out of the Lobby, fifty stalwarts voted for the motion. I was very glad to be associated with this interesting and instructive movement.

So far, the Select Committee to consider my Dormant Bank Balances and Unclaimed Securities Bill has not been set up. I understand that there is a keen desire on the part of Members to be upon it, and hope before our next issue is published to have the suggested names in my possession.

I also directed the attention of the Postmaster-General to the fact that postcards and letters are now reaching this country from Germany, with a view to opening up business relations with British firms, and have reason to believe that a stricter censorship will now be exercised.

I further directed attention to the position of firms in this country owing money to Germany, and was amazed to be informed that the total of such indebtedness at the outbreak of the war did not exceed forty millions—only two millions of which has so far been vested in the Public Trustee.

I unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain direct representation upon the Coal Commission for the consumer, whilst Mr. Bonar Law did not see his way to receive a deputation from the People's League in regard to the matter. It is the old story—organised interests fighting for their respective ends, and the poor public squeezed to death in between them.

Another matter to which I directed attention was the prevailing misconception on the part of the clergy as to the right of a woman to marry her deceased husband's brother. I suggested that, in view of the pledges of the Government to secure sex equality, a Bill should be introduced to legalise such marriages—but of course the Prime Minister "did not see his way," etc.

H. B.

THE BANKERS UNBALANCED.

A FINANCIAL TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT (OF PARLIAMENT).

SCENE: The Strong Room of a Famous Bank.
CHARACTERS:
Certain frantic Bank Directors, Governors, Managers and Auditors.

1ST GOVERNOR: It is absurd! Surely the financial world is powerful enough to resist this ridiculous enactment?

2ND GOVERNOR: Quite. I think it is our bounden duty to do so.

1ST DIRECTOR: It would be magnificent, but it would not be policy.

1ST GOVERNOR: Bah! Don't we *make* policy? Doesn't the success of any political Party depend upon the amount of financial backing we give it?

1ST DIRECTOR: True, but you must realise that the government of this country is slowly but surely passing out of the hands of the Party leaders into those of the people themselves. We might defy a purely Party Government, and even bring it down by using our power in the right quarter. But we are helpless in the face of a determined democracy.

1ST BANK MANAGER: Oh, sir, do not say so. I could weep when I think of what Bottomley's Bill means to me! It has been one of the joys of my existence to spend a solitary hour in this strong room, gloating over those packets of unclaimed securities, those sealed cases of splendid jewels brought over and deposited by French *émigrés* years and years ago.

2ND BANK MANAGER: What worries me more especially is to decide what is the best thing to do in cases where unclaimed cash balances have been used to strengthen the balance of our Profit and Loss account.

1ST DIRECTOR: Such sums will have to be extracted and handed over. That is all.

AUDITOR: But think what that will mean, sir. We shall have to go back years and years and years to re-adjust our books! Conformity with this hideous Act will, in effect, falsify our balance-sheets in the past, and involve an enormous amount of labour!

1ST DIRECTOR: I notice that the only objections to the Act are of that kind. By your protestations you plainly admit that there is justification for the measure.

2ND DIRECTOR: Between ourselves, of course, we know there is.

1ST BANK MANAGER: We've known it all along. Everybody intimately acquainted with banking business has known it all along. Only the Government have been, or have pretended to be, ignorant. And we know why *that* has been.

2ND DIRECTOR: Exactly. Whenever the subject has been mooted in the House of Commons, *we* have been consulted as to the truth of the allegations made.

ALL: Ha, Ha!

1ST DIRECTOR: Well, it's no laughing matter now, gentlemen. We've held tight as long as we could, but it seems that at last we shall have to let go. But better this than Bolshevism.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

To-day I'm as happy
As happy can be!
I've a crack in my shin
And a bruise on my knee!
My knuckles are raw,
And my thumb dislocated—
I never before
Felt so wildly elated!

With all these afflictions
You may think it folly
In me to make out
That I'm feeling quite jolly;
But if you're a sport,
'Twill be clear how I stick it,
When I tell you I've started
My practice at cricket!

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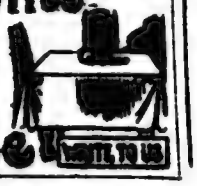

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. HARRY G. HAWKER.

Wot the blazes is that crowd yellin' about? No bloomin' Bolshevism, I 'ope, else up goes my shutters and I'm Mister Johnny Walker through the back-yard! . . . Blest if they don't seem to be makin' for my place, too! This is a bit of all right! Somethink I've said to some Labour leader, I s'pose? An' now I'm goin' to be put through it. Missus, shove your bonnet on, quick, an' take up a strategic posish near the back dore! This comes o' torkin a bit too free. Blest if I don't go a bit easier with the jawin' tackle in fucher, if I gits clear of this all right. . . . 'Ere git out of it! Shove orf, will yer? This ain't the early dore to *H*international football match! . . . I tell yer, you carn't all come in. I'm short 'anded . . . Eh? *You're Mister 'Arry 'Awker?* Thort I'd seen you somew'ere before. But wot's all this mob be'ind you? . . . *They won't leave you?* Then take 'em somew'ere else, if you *don't* mind. . . . Eh? *You want a share an' you're goin' to 'ave a shave?* All right, all right! I sh'll be on'y too 'appy to oblige. Git be'ind me. Now, ladies an' gents, show a bit of decency. Mister 'Awker 'ere wants a shave, but 'e don't want a shave in public, let alone in mixed company. 'Ere *you*, ma'am, 'op it! Gen'l'men don't like to 'ave the secrets o' their toilet exposed. You oughter be ashamed! Give the pore young man a charnce. Wot would 'is wife say? I arsk yer. That's it. Bung orf, all of yer. Wait for 'im outside, if you like. That won't be nothink to do with me. The p'leice 'll look arfter you. Come on! 'Ere, come out from be'ind the counter, you parody of a n'orfice boy! . . . Phew! Workin' on the allotment ain't in it! I'll do me best to shave you, Mister 'Awker, but I warns you, me nerves ain't at their best. This sorter thing shakes a man o' my age. I'll shave yer, but I carn't guarantee it'll be as close a shave as wot you 'ad crorsin' the Atlantic. . . .

* * *

Now we're alone, sir, let me congratcherlate you. You're lucky to be alive, to begin with. If you 'adn't met with yore mis'ap in mid-ocean I dessay you *would* 'ave bin dead by now. . . . *Wot do I mean?* Well, judgin' by the treatment you've received at the 'ands o' the public arfter 'avin' failed, you would 'ave bin tore in pieces by enthusiastic admirers if you'd succeeded. There wouldn't 'ave bin nothink left of you for me to shave to-day. W'en I refers to you 'as 'avin' failed, I don't quite mean *that*. I don't reckon you failed. It was the ingin. The human machine was better'n the mechanical one. But you'll try again, I'll bet, an' pull it orf.

"'E wot flies an' drops 'arf-way
Will live to fly another day,"

as the poet ses . . . Eh? *All this fuss puts the wind up you?* I dessay it does. You wanter know w'ere your pal Commander Grieve comes in? . . . Quite so. Well, I dessay if 'e 'adn't bin a clever an' plucky navigator you might not be 'ere now. But you see, 'e belongs to the Silent Navy—the Service wot's taught to do its duty an' expect no praise. For my part, I reckon honours was divided between you 'an 'im, an' if you was treated to a ride on a p'leeceman's 'orse, 'e ought to 'ave bin likewise. *You quite agree?* Ah, that's becos' you're a proper sportsman. Now, tell me, Mister 'Awker, w'en did you feel most nervous? *W'en you was sittin' behind the p'lecceman on that same 'orse?* Ha-ha! I dessay it was! Well, you give a splendid ex'ibition o' British pluck, an' I congratcherlate you. I'm likewise proud to 'ave shaved you . . . Thank you, sir; I'm much oblidged . . . No, the crowd 'asn't dispersed yet. There's some young flappers in the front row wot look as if they've got designs on you. . . *Can you leave by the back way?* Cert'n'y! Come this way, sir. . . .

WHO IS FINANCIN

Indian Agitators and a British Paper—Barons de

By THE E

Below we give the first instalment of an exposure of the genesis an

MY exposure of the real political aims of the "Two Bobs"—Smillie and Williams—(who aspire to be the Lenin and Trotsky of Britain) is bearing fruit. By degrees they are being found out and disowned by the responsible section of the workers. The impudent threat of a general strike, not against any unjust labour conditions but solely on political grounds—including the slow release of the "conscientious" objectors!—is fizzling out, and if only the police trouble, still unsettled as I write, can be overcome—as it certainly should be—then there is no reason why, after Germany has swallowed the Peace Pill (the ingredients of which are much milder than I would have administered to her), the nation should not settle down to work—and play. I do not, however, feel that my task in undermining the influence of the mischievous activities of these men and their associates will be complete until I have drawn aside the veil which at present shields the true character of their Press campaign. This is led by the *Daily Herald*, a journal which was galvanised into new life with a great flourish of trumpets a few months ago—at a time, by the way, when the discussion of the German Peace terms was in its most critical stage. I propose to give some of the contents of my dossier relating to the history of this pernicious publication and to the nature of the financial influences behind it.

Mr. Churchill's Indictment.

I cannot understand why the Government is so timid of action. Poor street-hawkers of Bolshevist literature are fined and sent to prison, but because this particular publication is supposed to be the organ of a section of the workers—which it really is not—Ministers are afraid to tackle it. Listen to what Mr. Churchill said in the House of Commons the other day: "It is a newspaper with the deliberate object of causing trouble and mischief in the Army and among the workmen. The whole intention of this newspaper is to provoke an outbreak in the form of a mutiny or general strike, or preferably both together, in the hope that a general smash and overthrow of Society may result. That is the general and cheerful idea. Whether it is discharged soldiers, or police, or soldiers still retained with the Colours, or workmen who are in the vital Services, the object of this paper is perfectly plain. It is to weld them altogether, to rouse them all together, to make a general overthrow on the Russian model. I am asked, 'Why do you not prosecute this revolutionary organ?' My answer is simple. We believe that the structure of British Society is sufficiently stable and sufficiently solid to enable us to allow in present circumstances even this unbridled licence to continue. We know that the paper has a feeble circulation; we know that the doctrines which it puts forward are exceedingly repulsive to responsible leaders of Labour throughout the country, and are not shared by all that great sane, sober Trade Union opinion which influences enormously the working classes. We are very anxious to preserve in this country a greater measure of free speech than exists in any other European country at the present time. We are prepared to run some risk, though I do not say we could go on doing so indefinitely. We may be wrong or we may be right. We may be right in general, but we may be wrong in a particular instance."

Let the Government Act.

Now I assert, with all respect to the War Secretary, that this is mere fencing with the situation. The Government possess ample powers to stop the paper as they did the *Globe* a few years ago—and for a much less serious offence, if any offence there was. Indeed, all subsequent history has tended to justify the action of that journal in its disclosures about Lord Kitchener. But there was no revolutionary element to be dealt with, and consequently the Government was very brave. Let it now be courageous and put an end to the dissemination of Bolshevist poison in our shops and factories. In urging this course, however, I should like to say that I in no way impugn the honesty and sincerity of such a man as Mr. Lansbury, the acting Editor of the *Herald*. I sat with him for several years in the House, and I know that at heart he feels that in what is called the rule of the Proletariat is to be found the salvation of democracy. And I daresay that both Mr. Smillie and Mr. Williams believe the same. It is quite unnecessary to ascribe bad motives to the leaders of bad causes, and it is possible and most desirable that public matters of this kind should be discussed free from any personal bias or antipathy. I propose, therefore, to deal in this spirit with the development and present position of this revolutionary paper and to leave the public, and especially the working classes, after having read the evidence I shall adduce, to decide what measure of importance attaches to its views. I am familiar with the history of many newspapers, but certainly none more remarkable than that of the *Daily Herald* has ever come to my knowledge. Its recent conversion from a weekly to a daily journal was hailed in many quarters as a desirable thing—everyone recognising the right of Labour to have an organ of its own. Huge advertisements proclaimed the change, and I think JOHN BULL was the only journal which declined to take them. I had certain suspicions from the outset that Mr. Lansbury and his friends were being unwittingly exploited by the enemies of Britain—and this view was strengthened by the fact that, according to the latest Returns, the proprietary of the journal—"The Limit" Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd.—has a paid up capital of only £502, upon which it has apparently been trading for several years whilst its publications have admittedly been run at a heavy loss!

Mystery of the Money.

The Directors of the Company are Mr. G. Lansbury, Mr. Robert Williams, and Mr. Francis Meynell; whilst all the shares are held by six people, one of whom is described as "Charles Lapworth, Journalist, Address unknown"—the others being Messrs. Lansbury, Williams, Meynell, Mrs. Williams and a Mrs. Saxe. As, however, the aptly named "Limit" Company is a private one, it is under no obligation to publish its accounts, so we have no official elucidation of the mystery of how, without having apparently incurred any debenture or other obligation, it has managed to carry on since June, 1913—from which date it took over the concern from the old *Daily Herald* Printing and Publishing Company which was then wound up—first as a losing weekly paper and at present a losing daily one, and to spend a large sum in advertisements out of that £502. It is true that there is an occasional acknowledgment of a few subscriptions to what is called "The *Daily Herald* Advertisement Fund," but they do not amount to much in the aggregate. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for a solution, and in this connection we turn our attention to another Company, with which the "Limit" is closely associated, namely, the Victoria House Printing Company, Ltd., its printers and publishers. And here I think we get near the spot. The Victoria House Company, which is doubtless the *Herald's* largest creditor, is a concern which occupies premises in Tudor Street and Gough Square. It has a registered capital of £50,000, of which apparently about £47,000 has been issued—and this is how the shares are held, according to the latest Return:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.	OCCUPATIONS.	SHARES.
WHYTE, GEORGE HERBERT	16, Tavistock Sq., W.C.	Publisher	6,248
POLE, DAVID GRAHAM	2, Robert St., Adelphi, W.C.	Solicitor	6,249
ARUNDALE, GEORGE	82, Drayton Gardens, S.W.	M.A., LL.B.	6,248
BRIGHT, MISS ESTHER	82, Drayton Gardens, S.W.	Spinster	6,248
POLE, RICHARD GRAHAM	111, Bedford Court Mansions.	Accountant	136
LANSBURY, GEORGE	The Firs, Farnham Common, Bucks.	Editor	6,248
RUSSELL, DAVID	Rothes, Markinch, Fife	Papermaker	100
BESANT, ANNIE	"Adyar," Madras, India	Married	6,248
JINARAJADASA, C.	82, Drayton Gardens, S.W.	M.A.	6,248
BAILLIE-WEAVER, HAROLD	29, Queenborough Terrace, W.	Barrister	1,817

NG "THE HERALD."

le Forest and von Horst—Let the Government Act.

E EDITOR.

an' natives of the notorious Bolshevist organ, "The Daily Herald."

MEADEN, ARTHUR HUGH ..	166, Minard Road, Catford	Compositor ..	500
WOOLF, JOHN	30, Ivydene Road, London Fields, N. ..	Machine Assistant ..	500
COATES, WALTER	East Hendred, Berks, ..	Director of Tecknol Chemical Laboratories Ltd., Allotments and Gardens ..	100
DUNLOP, DANIEL NICOL ..	White Lodge, Wimbledon	Director of British Electrical & Allied Manufacturers' Association	100

Messrs. Baillie-Weaver, Meaden, Woolf, Coates and Dunlop have become shareholders during the last year, but, though newcomers, have been added to the Board of Directors—the others being Messrs. D. G. and R. G. Pole, Lansbury and Russell, who were members of the "old guard."

Indian Agitators Take a Hand.

On the face of it, some of the shareholders' names are suggestive—but let us enquire a little further. I find that 75 per cent, of the shares are held by officials of the Home Rule for India League and their associates. Of course, if the *Herald* was a paper mainly devoted to Indian affairs there would be nothing peculiar in the capital of the Victoria House Company being so largely in the hand of these people, but it is ostensibly a British Labour paper. Let us enquire a little further into the identity of some of the shareholders: Currupamallage Jinarajadasa is a lecturer on Theosophy and Home Rule for India. He arrived at Havre on May 30th, 1916, from India. He is associated with Mr. Smillie (by the way, himself Vice-President of the Home Rule for India League), Mr. John Scurr, a Sinn Feiner (Secretary to the League), and Fritz Kuns, who represents the same movement in America. He is, of course, a devoted disciple of Mrs. Annie Besant and of the "Messiah," Krishnamutru, whom she discovered and adopted. George Sydney Arundale was formerly of the Central Hindoo College, and has acted as Secretary both to Mrs. Besant and to the Home Rule for India League. One Dallal left India in 1913 with him, but on arrival in Europe they separated, Arundale coming to England and Dallal going to Germany. Mr. D. Graham Pole held a commission as Major in the 13th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. He, however, resigned it on it being brought home to him that it was undesirable that a serving officer should publicly identify himself in war time with an agitation for Home Rule for India. He is a solicitor by profession and acts as legal adviser to Mrs. Besant and Jinarajadasa. Mrs. Beasant's history is well known. It is not too much to say that she devotes her energies whole heartedly to the cult of sedition in India. She has plenty of money, and was doubtless well able to pay the forfeit of 2,000 rupees (about £120) and find a further 10,000 rupees as security for her compliance with the conditions of the Indian Press Act.

The *Herald* Becomes a Daily.

The *Herald* first appeared as a daily paper in the Spring of 1912. At this time there were associated with the project many representative Labour men. To-day they have all disappeared, and Mr. Lansbury is the only figure of outstanding importance on the staff who is associated with the Labour movement. When the paper was first published, it had little cash. Sometimes the reporters were paid for their work and sometimes they were not. In these impecunious circumstances Mr. Lansbury was ready to come to the rescue with ample funds, provided he was given complete control of the undertaking, but he refused to disclose whence the money was to be obtained. When the journal was literally destitute, he disclosed the name of his first financial backer. This turned out to be an individual named Watters, who made a gift of £1,000 to the paper as a first instalment—and promised further support. Watters openly avowed that he was an opponent of Trade Unionism. He had, however, as he told the Board, discovered the secret of perpetual motion. He would have made further advances, but for an unfortunate *contretemps* which terminated his career of usefulness. Within a few days of his gift, Watters was found by the police distributing £5 notes to ladies in Piccadilly Circus, and was removed finally to a Home near Liverpool. From this he appears to have got free some few months later, when he was prosecuted for certain publications designed to spread disaffection among the troops.

Enter the Barons.

The collapse of Mr. Watters left the Directors still dependent on Mr. Lansbury, and they agreed that if he would find another backer they would meet his wishes in the matter of control. After insisting upon certain editorial changes, Mr. Lansbury disclosed his new financier—who proved to be Baron de Forest, holder of an Austrian title, who posed as the friend of British workmen whilst treating the villagers on his Austrian estates as serfs. He put down £2,000, and out of this sum the claims of the creditors were satisfied. Baron de Forest's private secretary, Mr. W. N. Ewer, became a member of the Board, and forthwith articles urging a better understanding between Germany and England began to appear in the *Herald*. But there were those on the *Herald* who were suspicious of the Austrian Baron's motives, with the result that a severance took place, and Mr. Lansbury, with his partiality for Hun Barons, introduced the notorious Baron von Horst, the son of an Austrian Jew, born at Coburg in 1862. He was interested in a business in South-East London, and under the name of Paul Horst & Company dealt in a patent extract made from hops. He was also the proprietor of a cinema theatre at Croydon called "The Orpheum." In 1912, he became acquainted with Miss Lillian Scott Troy, an American journalist who had been private secretary to the notorious Baron Netteblatt, an officer of the German Secret Service—and who is no stranger to our readers. Both von Horst and Miss Troy resided at a small hotel in the West End of London, and their first incursion into the arena of British Labour took place during the Strike at the London Docks, in 1912, when this benevolent German Baron assisted the strikers to an extent beyond his own private means.

Miss Lillian Troy's Tricks.

Later he began to take a very keen and a practical interest in Irish affairs, but so broad-minded was he that he supported, alternately, if not simultaneously, both Redmondites and Carsonites! At this period, von Horst and Lillian Troy (who now posed as Lady de Troy) paid frequent visits to Ireland, and on Dec. 23rd, 1913, a letter from the lady appeared in the *Limerick Echo* paying tribute to the devoted services which von Horst and Sir Roger Casement had rendered to the Irish cause. In August, 1914, von Horst approached Messrs. Whistler, the Strand gunsmiths, and asked for a quotation for 500 Mauser rifles, with ammunition and bayonets complete; but when Messrs. Whistler learnt that their customer was a German, they refused to proceed with the matter. It appears that von Horst and de Troy concocted a manifesto expressing the friendly feelings with which Germany was said to regard the Irish people. Shortly after the outbreak of war, von Horst was removed to an Internment Camp. When this untoward event occurred he appointed Miss Troy as his attorney. Whilst he was languishing behind barbed wire, Miss Troy devoted herself to the business of the cinema theatre at Croydon, which became notorious as a rendezvous for rebels. It was in consequence of a speech delivered from this platform that David Ramsay was sentenced, at Bow Street, to six months' imprisonment for sedition. Meanwhile, however, Miss Troy did not forget the Baron, and with the idea of ingratiating herself with the authorities, sent a case of champagne to the Commandant of the camp at which her friend was interned. The gift was not accepted, and subsequently Miss Troy amused herself by bringing accusations against the official who had returned her proffered olive branch. Eventually, both Louis von Horst and Lillian Troy were deported as undesirable aliens.

(To be continued.)

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Play the Game:—We have Part I. of Battalion Orders of the 3rd East Lancashires, issued in County Cork. One Order lays down that to meet barrack damages and deficiencies at Blackdown Camp, Companies must remit 1s. per man per pay period until further orders. As a number of the men were never at Blackdown Camp, this mandate is obviously unfair.

Profiteering.—We have before us a letter from a Prisoner of War Camp at Reigate, stating that loaves of bread are bought at 4½d. each, and sold to the prisoners at 8d. The complaint is signed by both German N.C.O. prisoners and English guards.

Hazing the Boys:—Routine Orders of the Boys' Wing of the R.A.F., at Cranwell, direct that the lads shall leave Camp only on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. When they go out their bounds are confined to the main roads, and they are told that if they "trespass" in the pleasant woods and fields, strict disciplinary action will be taken against them. There are other restrictions which we consider should be removed at once.

Toffy-Nosed Eastbourne:—Hospital patients at Eastbourne complain to us once again. The Nabobs of the place and their wives are against the men using the promenades, regarding the poor chaps as simply horrid. Even legless heroes in bath chairs are not permitted to get close enough to hear the band, as their chairs would obstruct the patriotic pedestrians. Eastbourne can do better than this.

Invidious Distinction:—About 75 per cent. of the Warrant Officers and Senior N.C.O.s, and a smaller percentage of Junior N.C.O.s and men, now arriving home from the Expeditionary Force are in possession of the Meritorious Service Medal, and we haven't the slightest doubt that, in every instance, it has been thoroughly well-earned. But at the same time, it seems to us manifestly unfair that Service men of similar rank, invalided from Overseas prior to the Armistice, and thereafter retained at home through no fault of their own—often on arduous and important duties—should be denied the decoration. Many of these men are old Regulars of long service.

"JACK."

The New Pay:—Naturally every man is not satisfied with the awards suggested by the Jerram Committee. It is put to us that the Bluejackets who completed their period of 12 years' service during the war, and have been retained since for 2d. per day extra, should share in the good things. We heartily agree.

"Sparks":—Temporary Warrant Telegraphists, R.N.R., transferred by the Marconi Company to the Admiralty, have many grievances. The scale of pay is £2 15s. per week for men who were less than four years in the Marconi Company, and £3 per week for those over four years, and no promotion in the Service is open to them. Added to this, applications for separation and children's allowances are turned down by the Accountant-General of the Admiralty, in view of the men being paid by the Company. The latest blow is the withholding of gratuities on demobilisation. The blame rests with "my Lords," who should, at once, do these invaluable men justice.

Adamantine Admiralty:—We have received many more letters from our good old Bluejackets, telling us that, although absolute proof has been sent to the Commanders by the Police and other authorities that grave distress exists in their families at home, they are not allowed leave. Jack has well-earned furlough—especially for such urgent private affairs.

Another Grouse:—This comes from a Naval Base—Milford Haven. In the seaman branch, an ordinary seaman who joined for hostilities only is drawing now 2s. 9d. a day, as also is one who joined for 12 years' continuous service. A Special Service ordinary seaman—*i.e.*, one who joined for the "duration," but consented to remain on—draws only 2s. 3d. per day, and we should like to know why this discrepancy.

Release the Boats:—We once more suggest to the Admiralty the advisability of hurrying up the demobilisation of the numerous fishing vessels which were mine-sweeping during the war, and are now supposed to be in process of handing over to their owners. Their crews are idly standing by—and, like the boats, they would be of much more national use if they were on the fishing grounds. Meantime the national expenses are still being heaped up.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

The "Committee":—We are glad to note that the Caerphilly Branch of the Welsh National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers has had a passage of arms with the local War Pensions Committee concerning Badger W. H. Reece, late of the South Wales Borderers, who, after going before Board after Board, having his pension assessed up and down but never on an adequate scale, had to appeal to the Poor Law authorities, who granted out-door relief. We have done our best to make ourselves believe that there is some of the milk of human kindness in those Statutory Committees, but it is a difficult job. The Charity Organisation Society cannot give them points at this game.

Rooked:—Prior to the Armistice various Warrant Officers and others under the Indian Government were accepted for Commissions on the Labour Directorate, etc., and were told to provide themselves with officer's uniform, without badges—pending being gazetted. They went to the expense of the kit, but when the Armistice was arranged they were coolly told that no further Commissions would be granted, and they can get no compensation for their outlay. It is a crying shame.

The Cause of the Trouble:—Discharged and demobilised soldiers and sailors employed at the R.A.S.C. Record Office, Woolwich, are being "sacked," and married women, who are out to earn pocket-money only, are being kept on. Here's a chance for Sir Robert Horne to carry out the pledge he gave the other day to redress such grievances.

***Place aux Dames*:**—Last week, for instance, twelve lady clerks—not highly-trained shorthand typists—were engaged in this Record Office at about 38s. a week, although half a dozen disabled men could have done the work. Thousands of Badgers call daily at the Labour Exchanges looking for work in vain!

For the Minister of Pensions:—We trust that Sir L. Worthington Evans and Major Waldorf Astor will pay heed to the manifesto sent to them by the Badger consumptives at Leeds Sanatorium, pleading for more generous treatment in the matter of pension. We intend to watch these cases. As one of the poor fellows puts it, the whole financial sources of the Treasury would not repay them for what they have lost.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Load of Trouble:—A widow lost her husband and child within a fortnight. She has six little ones to support.

One of Many:—A man suffering from neurasthenia is unable to work. He has a wife and four children to support and his allowance is inadequate for the purpose.

In Danger:—An ex-soldier is waiting to undergo an operation; he has no pension. His wife does odd jobs to keep things going. Part of the furniture is on the hire system, and the rent was in arrears.

A Soldier's Widow:—The widow of a soldier who was killed in action is unable to work owing to illness, whilst two of her children are delicate and require special nourishment.

Almost Starving:—A badger's wife and children were almost starving, and he himself is in hospital.

Threatened:—A widow with four children exists on her allowance; the landlord had threatened to turn her out of her home.

Gassed and Feeble:—A discharged man who was gassed is unable to follow his employment. He has three children to support, and he was refused help by the Pensions authorities.

A Sad Case:—An ex-soldier lost his sight in the war. His two young children died within a week, and naturally distress resulted. We immediately did what money could do in such circumstances.

Distressed:—A woman who lost her husband in France, her only support beyond the small pension, has a young son who is seriously ill.

An Epileptic:—A discharged man cannot work owing to epilepsy. He has received no pension, and has seven children to look after.

Other Cases Helped:—

A soldier's wife lost her young son through drowning in the Thames.

A discharged man without pension is a hospital out-patient.

A soldier's uninsured wife died.

A missing soldier's children were hungry and in rags.

A widow is unable to work owing to illness. She was threatened by her landlord.

A bluejacket's widow was in distress; she has four children to feed and clothe.

A soldier, not in credit, was on leave to see his dying child.

A widow, ill and in distress, was appealed for by her soldier-son.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

Men of the 20th Divl. H. Q., B.E.F. (per A.C.H.S.), £51 8s. 8d.; Non-Swearing Club, Signal Staff, Murmansk (per G. P.), £2 10s. 4½d.; Mrs. S. D. (High Wycombe), 2s. 6d.; E. R. (Glasgow), 10s.; R. S. (Deptford), 1s. 6d.; M. C. L. R. (Formby), 6s.; "Anti-Wilsonite," 10s.; "Grateful," £3 10s.; "Turnville," 2s. 6d.; F. C. (London, N.), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; F. S. (St. Paul's Cray), 10s.; F. H. R. (Nuneaton), 1s. 6d.; Sgt. S. F. T. (Bristol), 1s.; W. C. H. (Poplar), 10s.; "Hef Bee," 2s. 7d.; Sergeants' Mess, R.N. Airship Station, Mullion (per C. L.), £3; Church Parade, 3rd Batt. Welsh Regt., £1 4s. 8d.; G. H. R. (Monkseaton), 10s.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; W. B., 1s.; "Railworker" (Maidstone), 5s.; R. M. W., 5s.; Employees of Dack and Co., Kilburn, (per H. J. G.), 10s. 6d.; N. D., 5s.; H. E. J. (Clapham), 2s. 6d.; J. P. (Stockport), 5s. 5d.; F. P. (Wandsworth), 6d.; G. B. (Glasgow), 1s.; J. G. R. (Greenock), 5s.; "5s. Winner, M.," 6d.; Anonymous, 1s.; "Jimmy," £1 1s.; "Punch," 10s.; R. McD., 1s.; "From a Jersey Tommy," 2s.; W. C. H. (Poplar), 1s.; E. A. J. (Salop), 10s.; "Grateful" (Manchester), 11s.; "Old Rock," 2s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; P. W. (Battersea), 1s.; W. C. H. (Poplar), 1s.; S. J. Endean Rowe and Co. (Middlesbrough), 10s. 6d.; E. C., £1.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however given official printed receipts, and the amounts are regularly collected—again all expenses being gladly borne by the proprietors of this journal. These boxes afford a convenient means of contributing to the Fund, and are heartily recommended to all our readers.)

How I improved my memory in one evening!

being the amazing experiences of Victor Jones, one of the 114,000, who last year took *the* ROTH Memory Course

The Popular Course at a Popular Price

"Of course, I know you! Mr. Addison Clark, of Hull.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the timber merchant, introduced me to you at the luncheon at the Automobile Club three years ago this coming May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't seen you since that day. How is the grain business. And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel Metropole—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to eavesdrop even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the world," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you many more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet-room the host was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line, and when it came to my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd of 60 men he had met two hours before, and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number accurately.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except how he called out, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates, and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:—

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

You can do this just as easily as I do.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would forget his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can recall instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted. "You have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my own system, and you will find it not hard work, as you might fear, but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson I was amazed to find that I had learned—in about an hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them out forward and backward without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became head of a £200,000 concern, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:—

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions, and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strongly.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can recall the name of almost any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist.

I can recall like a flash of lightning almost any fact I want just at the instant I need it most. I used to think a brilliant memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of memory if he only knows how to make it work properly.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind, and see instantly everything you want to remember.

My advice to you is, don't wait another minute. Send to the National Business and Personal Efficiency Department 41a, of the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., for Mr. Roth's amazing course, and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in INCREASING EARNING POWER will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

SEND NO MONEY.

So confident are the publishers of the Roth Memory Course of the result once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, treble, your memory power in a few short hours that they are willing to send the course for free examination..

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY. Merely write a postcard, and the complete course will be sent at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within three days after you receive it, and you will owe nothing.

But if you are as pleased as are the 114,000 other men and women who have taken the course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk, and you have everything to gain, so post the letter now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

National Business and Personal Efficiency Dept. 73a,

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[G1.—96

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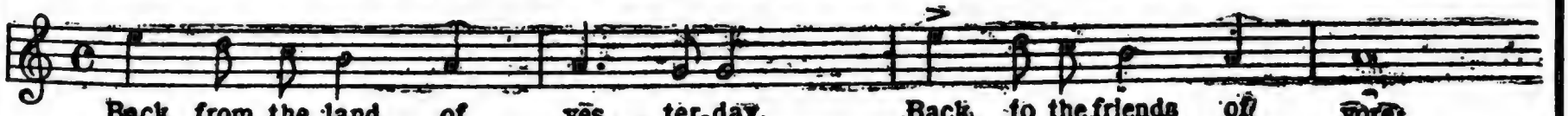

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IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By Our City Editor.

Markets have lost a good deal of their chirpiness, possibly because of the competition of the rush of new issues—most of which, good, bad and indifferent, appear to be readily absorbed. Or perhaps investors are holding back for the Government loan which is now expected almost immediately after the Whitsun holiday.

At present the floating debt Treasury Bills, etc., amount to above 1,500 millions and a further 500 millions is required to meet the Budget deficit and to repay Exchequer Bonds falling due this year. I do not suppose the Treasury hopes to rake in all this money at one stroke, but the issue is bound to mop up a large proportion of the spare capital knocking about the country, especially in the Midlands and the North.

Holders of Anglo-Dutch Plantations are to be congratulated on the handsome terms offered by the Dutch Government for part of the Company's rice lands. The price works out at over £1,400,000, or just double the amount estimated by some market men. It is double Dutch, in fact, and in this case, at any rate, the old saw does not seem to apply the one, I mean, about giving too little and asking too much.

A scheme is foreshadowed for amalgamating the Baku Petroleum, the Bibi-Eibat, the Russian Petroleum and the European Petroleum Companies. These ventures are all located in the Baku district, and have been terribly hard hit by the disorders in Russia. When conditions become more settled and work can be restarted, a great deal of fresh capital will be required, and a combination of interests seems the only chance the shareholders have of saving something from the wreck. I hope the scheme will go through.

The Abyssinian Corporation has been formed with a capital of 1,000,000 ordinary shares and 5,000 deferred shares of £1 each. Messrs. Erlangers sponsor the offer of half a million ordinary shares, and I understand that Mr. Edmund Davis is interested in the promotion. With so many portions of the Empire requiring capital for their developments, there does not seem to be much inducement for investors to go into the wilds of Abyssinia. Whatever may be the ultimate prospects, it will take several years for the Company to develop a profitable business, and it is long odds that the shares will be obtainable at much less than the issue price paid for them.

British Dyestuffs Corporation has a capital of £6,000,000 and has been formed to take over British Dyes, Ltd., and Levinstein, Ltd. Shareholders in the latter get the equivalent of £133 per £10 share and have every reason to be satisfied, but whether this is the best way to establish a "key" industry may be doubted.

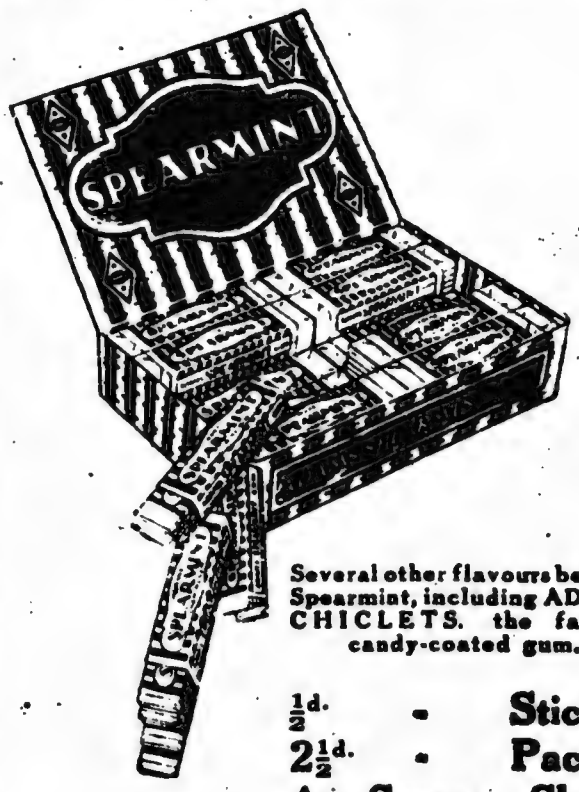
Hudsons Consolidated, Ltd., is offering 70,000 7½ per cent. preference shares at par and 142,000 ordinary shares at 5s. premium, additional capital being required to develop its properties. The Company achieved some unenviable notoriety a few years ago by the rapid advance in the shares from about 2s. 6d. to over £3, followed by a still more rapid slump. The shares are not attractive.

Answers To Correspondents.

H. H. (Plaistow). You have evidently been the victim of a clever confidence trick. I fear you have no remedy.——**K. L. (E.C.4.).** *City Equitable Fire:* I cannot follow your argument at all, but anyhow the scheme is now dropped.——**W. D. M. (Llandyssul).** *W. & A. Wilson* and others: Sorry I cannot help; you ought to have learnt long ago that you cannot make money on that system. Give it up.——**W. R. (Birkenhead).** *R. A. Smith & Co.:* We do not recommend dealings.——**S. G. H. (Lavender Hill).** *Rowland Hill Building Society:* Conditions have been very difficult for the past few years, but they are improving and better results may be expected. ——**H. A. B. (Felixstowe).** *Cunliffe Russell & Co.:* The address is 10 rue du 4 Septembre, Paris.——**W. H. W. (Hereford).** *Anglo-French Oilfields:* The concern is derelict; it never had much chance.——**M. M. R. (Kilmallock).** *B. H. Jenkins & Co.* and others: Get out as soon as you can; I do not recommend you to have further dealings.——**C. C. W. (Stamford).** *W. & A. Wilson:* You are lucky to get some of your money back, but I cannot help further.——**G. M. (Gelli Pentre).** *Paris Municipal Loan:* You are prevented by D.O.R.A. from subscribing to this issue.——**W. J. (Coxhill),** and **Interested One (Canterbury).** *Union Oil of S. Africa:* Prospects somewhat uncertain; no market in the shares.——**S. G. (Finsbury Park).** You would probably have to pay more in interest on £100 than you are likely to make in profits.——**W. H. I. (Pitsmoor).** *Great Challinor Lead Mines, etc.:* I regard all these shares as extremely speculative, and do not recommend a purchase of *Anglo-French Rubbers.*——**Mrs. W. (Langworth).** There must be some record of the purchase in the regimental books or the Post Office or wherever the stock was bought, but you may have a good deal of trouble in tracing it.

"Thirteen Reasons why Bachelors do not Marry," is the theme of an interesting article in the issue of *Everywoman's* now on sale. Another feature is an illustrated description of "Gaby's" Home. It is generally admitted to be the brightest home paper, and is only one penny.

"The Hidden Hand" Film can be seen this week at Elgin, Purchase's Cinema; Nairn, Purchase's Cinema; Buckie, Purchase's Cinema; Keith, Purchase's Cinema; Huntly, Purchase's Cinema; Wick, Purchase's Cinema; Alexandria, The Palace; Accrington, King's Hall; Oswestry, The Playhouse; Bo'ness, The Hippodrome; Norwich, Cinema Palace, Magdalen Street; Newport, I.O.W., Medina Hall; Newcastle-on-Tyne, Royal Electric Cinema; and next week at London, Court Cinema, Tottenham Court Road; Girvan, The Pavilion.



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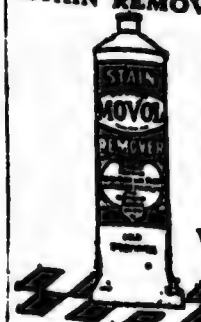

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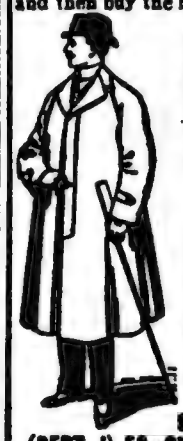

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THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

Tommy's Peace Celebration.

Do they propose giving the Tommies any leave when they celebrate Peace? I have read about the dates fixed for the above, but no mention about the men who won the war!—(Pte.) W. A. HARRIS, Allington, nr. Salisbury.

(*Most certainly. Every Tommy who can be spared should be in the cheering crowd on "The Day." No one would be more popular.*)

Still on Service!

The King's letter to repatriated prisoners of war ends thus:—"We are thankful that this longed-for day has arrived, and that, back in the old country, you will be able once more to enjoy *the happiness of a home*, and to see good days among those who anxiously look for your return." Why then are these men still retained in the Army, and many sent to Ireland, Egypt, and even Russia?—S. B. STOCK, Yorkambury, Sideup.

(*We hope that very soon—beyond a small Army of Occupation, in which the boys ought to have a good time—the Army will be "demobbed."*)

An Expensive System.

The practice of hospitals and charitable institutions advertising, canvassing and collecting funds on the voluntary contributions system, thus employing a vast army of officials, entails a waste of effort and tremendous expense. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer allotted, say, the whole of the Entertainment Tax to the hospitals, etc., thus State-endowing them, the charitably disposed could still contribute to their particular charity, and the tax would be more cheerfully and willingly paid by everyone.—GEORGE A. STEDHAM, 78, Cromwell Road, Peterborough.

(*We have always advocated the State control of hospitals, and agree that we should follow the example of France and allocate the taxes on racing and other amusements for this purpose.*)

Our Shortsighted Shipping Scheme.

Ton for ton in replacement of our merchant shipping sunk by Hun submarines is reasonable, and the commandeering of the bulk of Germany's mercantile fleet is a "bit of all right." But that Germany is to *build* all these additional million tons for the Allies seems to me a very short-sighted policy, which may mean starvation for our own—as against a corresponding prosperity for the German—shipyard workers during the ensuing five years. We should build these ships ourselves, and make the Huns *pay* for them.—JAMES DUNLEAVY, Plantation Street, Glasgow.

(*There is much to be said for this view, but of course the idea is to get something in the way of work, in lieu of money—and we fancy our own yards will be fairly busy for the next few years.*)

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Lynch, the writer of the starred letter.

P.M.G., Please Note!

A man who lost his left arm in the early days of the war, and was given work as a postman, has now been informed that his services are no longer required, *unless the town is once more given a third delivery of letters.* Why doesn't the Postmaster-General restore the former number of deliveries everywhere, and thus provide employment for hundreds of partially disabled men?—FREDK. A. HUMPHREYS, Seaford Road, Eastbourne.

(*We believe the P.M.G. is now acting on this suggestion, and discharged men should certainly have priority of appointment.*)

* *

Liquor Control—and Crime.

The tectotaler's explanation of crime and wrong-doing is summed up in the one word—Drink. Yet in the past few months (under Liquor Control) there has been an epidemic of murders and suicides such as was never approached in the days of unrestricted drinking, the activity of the Divorce Court is a by-word, and serious theft is greatly on the increase. Let us get back to normal conditions, and begin by making plenty of good beer. If the total abstainers don't like it—well, they can always emigrate to teetotal, good-living, "moral" Turkey!—CHARLES LYNCH, Albion Terrace, Low Hill, Liverpool.

(*Our friend is right; Turkey is the only teetotal country in the world. Need we say more?*)

* *

Heartless Economy.

A statement has been officially made that, "in view of the expense involved, which would be over £2,000,000, it is not considered practicable to issue free travelling passes to relatives to visit the graves of deceased soldiers in France and Belgium." One remembers that at a cost of over £8,000,000 per day we were glad of these poor lads' assistance, and there seems heartless meanness in begrudging poor relatives this only chance of visiting the graves of their dead. If the Government cannot defray the expense, what about a public subscription?—J. ROBBINS, Catterick Camp.

(*Our correspondent will find, by reference to our editorial notes, that we are in full accord with his view.*)

What Working Men Want.

If the Government really intend to build houses for the working man (I'm one), we want houses with at least three bedrooms and a *bath* room, sitting-room, kitchen and scullery, and spacious garden; rent not to exceed 8s. 6d. a week, let on the rent-purchase system, thus enabling the working-class to buy their own houses and save rent worries in illness and old age.—T. H. STAINER, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.

(*Rather a large order, we are afraid—especially as purchase is to be thrown in.*)

Is it Fair?

A Colonial soldier receives £20 War Gratuity for the first year, and when discharged six months' pay and allowances. An English "Tommy" receives £5 for the first year, and on discharge *one* month's pay and allowances. Does this mean that an English "Tommy" is only valued at a quarter of what a Colonial soldier is valued, or has he only done a quarter of the work?—B. J. BARRETT, Latchmere Street, S.W.11.

(*The theory was that, prices being so much higher in the Dominions, the real value of the gratuity was practically the same—but this distinction, we agree, no longer exists.*)

"These Little Ones."

How long are we to wait for the "love-child" to be recognised and valued as an asset to the nation? It is time that the State undertook to look after these innocent babes, and train them up to become useful citizens. In the name of Christianity, I emphatically state that the conduct of Bishops and Ministers of Religion generally in this matter is far from the teaching set forth by their nominal Master.—H. HARRIS, Grosvenor Street, Canton, Cardiff.

(*We understand that the N.S.P.C.C. is about to introduce a Bill dealing with this matter.*)

Nationalisation!

How a man, and a Labour leader, can advocate nationalisation of mines or anything else with the Slough Scandal, the Kempton Park Car Lunacy and the Whitehall Flapper Tea Party in front of his eyes, beats me. Observance of the following points is all that would be necessary for the settlement of mining disputes present and to come: Open discussion by an equal number of representatives of owners and employed, cultivation of the halfway spirit between both parties, and relegation of Mr. Smillie to a vegetable garden or other useful sphere.—GERALD C. BARATHY, Dewhurst Road, Brook Green, W.14.

(*We agree that the illustrations we have had during the war of nationalisation have knocked the bottom out of the old arguments in its favour. Railways, food and mines are further specimens of Government fatuity.*)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

THE PANTHER AND ROSEWAY.

By "THE SQUIRE."

The many thousands, nay, tens of thousands, who will witness to-day's Victory Derby, will be seeing THE PANTHER for the first time. Everyone, I feel sure, will endorse all I have written about him for weeks past. This colt, in quality, general contour, and classic bearing, is the finest specimen of the English thoroughbred of modern times. Not in my years has a colt stood out so pre-eminently ahead of his rivals. Not only are his lines as perfect as it is possible to be, but unless I am much mistaken, he will dominate his opponents, both in appearance and racing merit.

The only question remaining to be answered is what colt is to have the distinction of following THE PANTHER home? Very possibly we shall find a vindication of public form and the Two Thousand Guineas running reproduced. My forecast of the Judge's verdict, therefore, is: THE PANTHER, 1; BUCHAN, 2; DOMINION, 3.

I have searched The Oaks entries through, and can find no danger presenting itself to ROSEWAY. In fact, Sir E. Hulton's filly seems as big a racing certainty for the "Ladies' Race" as THE PANTHER is for the Victory Derby.

My readers will be glad to learn, from the announcement on another page, that the popular sporting competition inaugurated for the Derby, will be continued for the Hunt Cup—£500 being given as a prize.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

EPSOM—WEDNESDAY.
Stewards' Handicap—VICEROY.
Derby—*THE PANTHER; GRAND PARADE place.
Epsom Town Plate—BRIGAND.

EPSOM—THURSDAY.
Royal Stakes—SOMERVILLE.
Surrey Stakes—*LAMPETIA.
Coronation Cup—DANSELLON.

EPSOM—FRIDAY.
Acorn Stakes—SAFFIAN.
Belmont Plate—KNIGHT OF THE AIR.
Oaks—*ROSEWAY.
Effingham Plate—AVATAR.

KEMPTON PARK—SATURDAY.
Windsor Castle Handicap—FLYING POST.
Addlestone Plate—*OLD BILL.
Kingston Handicap—WILLIAM ALLENBY.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."*)

"BEESTON AND WEST NOTTS GAZETTE AND ECHO":—
"In the Carlton Ward TWO FAMILIES ARE LIVING IN 123 HOUSES."

"OLDHAM CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"10s. Reward.—GENTLEMAN'S SCALP lost."

"PEMBROKE COUNTY GUARDIAN":—
"The bride . . . carried a charming sheath of HAREM lilies."

GRAYS CYCLE AND ATHLETIC CLUB (poster):—
"Events . . . 440 MILE Flat, Open, Scratch."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"Commander Towers, of the N.C.3, states that NONE of the crew HOPE TO SURVIVE their adventure."

"RANGOON TIMES":—
"The Time ball fell 2 seconds late, was hoisted again and dropped AT 1 P.M. CORRECTLY AT NOON to-day."

"SMALLHOLDER" (advertisement):—
"Before I commenced using —— Meal I LOST A LOT OF CHICKENS, but since using —— Chick-rearing Meal I HAVE NOT A SINGLE CHICK."

THE SCARCITY OF WHISKY.

STATEMENT BY THE WHISKY ASSOCIATION

The following statement is issued on behalf of the Whisky Association, which comprises practically all the distillers, and the leading blenders, of the United Kingdom.

THE simple solution of the Whisky trouble is to free the Controls. Let competition regain its pre-war sway, and the questions of price and quality will soon be settled in the interests of the public. We say without qualification that every restriction which the Government has imposed upon whisky against the advice of the representatives of the trade, has produced a vicious effect.

Let us recall what has happened. At the beginning of the war the Government decided that it was necessary for the public to reduce their expenditure in order that money might be saved for war purposes. At the time that decision was taken it was accepted loyally. Nobody questioned it, and nobody wanted to question it. The national interests were paramount.

Amongst the earliest orders issued by the Government under the Defence of the Realm Act was that reducing the consumption of whisky to fifty per cent. Production was then reduced to seventy per cent. Afterwards production was prohibited altogether. Then it was decided that all whisky must be sold at a strength not exceeding 25 U.P. We resisted that as a fraud upon the public, but we were overborne, and we had to give in. It is not our fault that the public buys water with its whisky.

THE Liquor Control Board went further. The Board is apparently controlled by people who would like to make the public buy all water and no whisky. The Liquor Control Board said we must not sell whisky stronger than 30 U.P. Again we protested, and again we had to give in.

Next the Board proposed a compulsory strength lower than even 30 U.P., and then we informed these gentlemen that we should refuse to supply—unless we were forced—if the public were not told the truth. Upon that occasion it was not we who had to give way; it was the Control Board. The proposed Order was never made.

We want to emphasise the point that we distillers have from the very beginning resisted all attempts of the Government to water the whisky that is sold to the public. We have stood for decent whisky all the time. We are not responsible for the short supply, neither can we be called to account for spurious whisky. We tried our utmost to prevent both.

THE distillers have no qualms of conscience on the question of price. It is not they who are the profiteers. The proposed Government price is 103/- per case. Of that the Government itself immediately takes 70/- for duty—very nearly two-thirds. Who is profiteering here? The case and bottles, corks, capsules, labels, labour, and other incidentals, cost 10/- at present prices, and another 2/- goes in delivery, leaving 21/-, or 1/9 per bottle. If we supply through a middleman it is necessary to allow him 6/- per case, or 6d. per bottle, which reduces the amount remaining for the distiller to 1/3 per bottle. For this he has to supply one-sixth of a gallon of whisky, pay his establishment expenses, make a profit, and replace his stocks, which now cost him about three times his pre-war price. We say that this is not fair to the distiller in view of the price that is paid by the consumer, and that the effect of it will be to bring on to the market whisky of the lowest quality.

Whilst the public are said to be paying in the aggregate, for small whiskies, anything from 20/- to 23/- per bottle, the distiller and distributors are asking for a few pennies more per bottle, beyond the 1/9, to enable them to give the best quality. If that is profiteering we have yet to learn the meaning of the word. Many of our critics appear to lose sight of the fact that the volume of our trade has been restricted by Government intervention, whilst our establishment charges have increased in addition to the costs of production.

The same price is fixed for gin and rum as for the finest whisky. Gin is consumed new. A gin distiller can turn his money over perhaps seven times in a year. A whisky distiller or dealer is not allowed to turn it over more than once in three years, and in practice it works out more nearly once in seven years.

THE authorities now intend to make all whisky the same price—the lowest quality the same as the best. This may mean that the lowest quality whisky will get the market, and that the public will ultimately be driven to undesirable substitutes. We need not labour the point, but we do not think that such an effect of Government policy is likely to commend itself to the public.

We say deliberately that a Government duty of 50/- per proof gallon of the alcohol contained in whisky is a tax calculated to kill the trade in whisky. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that port wine, which is fortified by spirit, comes into this country at a duty per proof gallon of its constituent alcohol of 7/4. Why this discrimination against alcohol in whisky?

The shortage is very largely accounted for by the fact that distillation was stopped for two years by the Government, and that the whisky which is now being distilled must be kept in bond for a minimum of three years under the provisions of the Immature Spirits Act. It is entirely untrue to suggest that the export trade is being favoured, so far as supplies are concerned, at the expense of the home trade. Under the old Order we were asked to supply 50 per cent. of the 1916 supply. The figures show that the home trade has received its full quantity under that Order, whilst the export trade obtained in 1918 only 32¼ per cent. of the allocation to which it is entitled.

The demand of the Whisky Trade is the same as that now being made by all other trades which have suffered from Government "Controls" during the war. Let those controls be removed and competition restored, and the public will have no cause to complain of price or quality, or, in the long run, of quantity either.

THE WHISKY ASSOCIATION,
68-70, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

May 31.

WHATEVER your position—appreciate our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"NUMBERED OFF" (Mouscar, Ismailia, Egypt).—"I don't want to return to 'Blighty' if Smillie & Co. are put in charge." We appreciate your restraint.

K. B. C. (Ringwood).—We have our eye on those Chancery funds and many others—but one at a time!

C. B. (London).—We quite agree that there is much behind the beer mystery which does not meet the eye—or the mouth.

P. McD. (Bacup).—No doubt as soon as the War muddle is cleared up the Prime Minister will begin to shed the Business members of his Government, and to surround himself once more with the old Party hacks—but it won't be for long.

R. E. C. (Sheffield).—Thanks for sending us the verses from the *Yorkshire Evening Telegraph* on the "Temptation of St. Bottomley." How they do write about us, to be sure!

C. B. (Bath) and L. F. S. (Southampton).—Old police pensioners, and all others in like hard case, are well in our mind. We want *all* pensions reviewed in relation to present prices, and will do our best to that end.

A. E. W. (Ilford) hopes that, with the help of others, we shall "change the House of Commons from a gasometer to a House of Real Endeavour." The Real Endeavourers are our Party.

D. P. (Chorton-on-M.).—Can't see any reason why dogs shouldn't go to heaven. They nearly all deserve to. In fact, we would rather go to heaven with some dogs than with some men.

"JUSTICE" (Dunas-what?).—Yes, the State had to find the £8,000,000 of Sankey back-pay for miners.

E. H. J. C. (Brixton).—"Cuss Charity! Why is it girls are employed in Government offices while men of experience are looking for work?" Because they have lovely hair, and know how to bring in the afternoon tea.

"INVALIDED SOLDIER" (Hoxton, N.).—It is nice to know you can "vouch for our recent statements." That is the best of printing only what is true.

"READER" (Darlington).—"Keep up your reputation." Thanks for the hint.

"AN N.F.F. WORKER" (Park Royal).—No space for your paragraph, but we agree in tendering cordial thanks to the girl munition-workers—especially those injured in the country's service.

B. E. D. (Holloway).—"I'll take the chance of whether this will ever be read by you." Read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. That's our habit—especially when the boys write.

S. P. (Boston, Lincs.).—Solomon said: "Be not righteous overmuch." Take his advice. He was a wise man.

W. L. (Manchester).—We have already said it is abominable for the War Office to train women for motor-driving while crowds of soldiers sigh for such jobs. If we can "stop it in any way," rest assured we shall.

"DISGUSTED" (Edmonton) says they wouldn't serve his friend—demobilised and with the Military Medal, after three years in France—in a saloon bar, because he "was not wearing a collar and tie." Oh, these aristocrats!

P. W. W. (Halifax, Can.).—Many thanks. "The father of the infant" always gets off easily in such a betrayal. The most he has to suffer is to pay.

"OLD AGE PENSIONER" (81).—"I have not seen a bit of butter for more than four months." Hope you will live to receive an increase of pension.

J. M. M. (Hankow).—Thanks for sending us a copy of the *Central-China Post* with its flattering references to ourselves. We *do* get about, don't we?

"WILLAND" (Hagley).—"I milk 15 cows and cannot get a bit of fresh butter." You should waggle the pail a bit.

"PHŒNIX" (Rhode Island, U.S.A.).—It seems hard that you should have to pay the American Government 280 dollars before sailing for England. Evidently they don't want to lose you.

H. T. (Earlsfield, S.W.).—Glad to hear you are the father of an honest boy. Does he get it from you or his mother?

J. H. (Harlech).—We note that you think our remarks "unjust and stupid." Your proper course is to eat plenty of vegetables and avoid all stimulants.

F. R. D. (Bungay).—"Why shouldn't the royalties and wealthy magnates in enemy countries disgorge seven-eighths of their wealth?" Ask Wilson.

J. A. (Darlington).—We note that your husband does not know you are writing to us. Is he of a jealous disposition?

"PROFITEER'S VICTIM" (St. Albans).—To select a *nom-de-plume* that might apply equally to some 50 millions of people is scarcely in accordance with our rules.

"AGENT" (Tottenham).—So you are another reader "since our inception." Good job we "incepted" when we did, don't you think?

M. A. McB. (Clacton).—"We have a man in this town who delights to do all the harm he can." Your town is just like every other in the Kingdom; except that there is generally more than one such person.

"NEWLY-DEMOBILISED" (Wigan).—"I, myself, really think things could be altered a very great deal if only the Government would do something." We have no hesitation in agreeing with every word of that.

"ONE RED AND FOUR BLUES" (N.W.).—"Will you do something to bring under notice the present housing scandal?" Right-oh, chum. But we have already done a trifle.

H. B. (Stroud).—"Nineteen years a Post Office servant, now demobilised, and refused re-instatement." But if you really have the written promise of the P.-M.-G. to take you back, that is good enough for anything. Send the P.O. a copy of that, and politely demand your undeniable right.

MRS. A. S. (Sandown, I. of W.).—The Sandown Gas Company is neither better nor worse than other gas companies. They are on the squeeze.

MRS. E. S. (Eastbourne).—"Don't you think the Registry Offices ought to be prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretences?" As to some of them, we certainly do.

M. G. (Sevenoaks).—1896 was a Leap Year, and if you were born on March 1st, it was a Sunday. The better the day, the better the deed. You ought to be lucky.

"HONEST WORKING MAN" (Wool).—"Does it mean the publican keeps two sorts of beer?" Some of him keeps 22 sorts, one would think; several being a lot worse than the best.

"MODERATOR" (Lichfield).—"Wine was sent to make glad the heart of man." But lots of men think it must have been sent to the wrong address.

C. K.—"Stick it, John, you're getting on." If you think it worth while to spend 1½d. on sending us that short poem, and nothing else, you're a brick.

C. H. A. (Wilner Square, N.).—"I thought this would interest you." In point of fact, it absorbed us so completely that we missed our lunch.

K. R. D. (Marlborough).—You are evidently a good deal overworked, but afraid we cannot publish a "short skit" about it. Perhaps on hearing further from you, we might manage a couple of cuss-words.

A. M. (Wallington).—Sorry to hear about your split boots, but probably you could have made them as good as new with a sheet of brown paper.

"DEMOBILISED" (Mitcham).—Thanks for suggested headline, "Terms for the Germs." At first contact with your brilliant suggestion, our Sub-Editor went green with envy.

A. W. (Dorking).—Much interested in your ingenious diagrams. Stand yourself a drink—and consider we owe you the money.

F. C. (Marble Arch, W.).—"It is my sincere opinion that Woodrow Wilson is the best-hated man in the United States." Think of that, now, and you just home from New York!

"HAWKTIONEER" (Glasgow).—"Surely the cheap-jack auctioneer has not escaped your eagle eye." Yours must be a swivel eye if our strictures on the gent have escaped it.

J. S. (Fulham).—"Cannot get a place to live in. If I had stayed at home, I should have probably been nicely settled by now." Yes, that's the worst of it. It's a tough problem, but we are not giving it up.

"ROOM 442" (E.C.).—"For the sake of old memories of Piccadilly Circus." Wonder what the deuce they can be?

"A COLOURED SEAMAN" (Southampton).—As you know, we have "spoken up" for you, and have been able to ease your troubles considerably.

J. C. T. (Broughton) wants to see economy practised on "the vast army of idle, pleasure-seeking Government officials." Said Government officials don't.

M. R. T. (Surbiton).—Why stand trembling on the editorial doormat because you have an alleged poem in your hand? We haven't thrown anything at you before, have we?

H. K. G. (Uxbridge).—It would not be gallant on our part to "sit on the beautiful but conceited young minx," as you suggest. Besides, we should crush her.

H. S. (Epsom).—We saw the newspaper statement that a legless man swims better than a man with legs. Can't explain it—unless it is because he is two feet shorter.

"OBSERVER" (London).—It is an old suggestion that persons who give high-sounding names to their houses should pay taxes "according"; but the idea has always shocked Upper Tooting.

T. E. (Euston Road, N.W.).—Sorry to hear of the trouble in slaking your thirst. Whatever you do, don't fly to cough lozenges.

J. R. (Maida Vale, W.).—"If you see it in JOHN BULL, it is so." It will be a bad day for England when she forgets this famous phrase.

MRS. A. E. H. (Tilbury).—We quite agree that the young fellow who spoilt his Sunday clothes through rescuing a man from drowning deserved a word of thanks—if not, indeed, a couple of drinks and a cigar.

J. F. G. C. (Great Yarmouth).—We note your objection to the preamble of the Peace Treaty. Pity you didn't speak sooner.

"PENNY POSTAGE" (London, E.C.).—Glad to hear that due notice was taken of our "instructions to the P.-M.-G." As long as the right hon. gent. is civil and obliging, he has nothing to fear from us.

J. B. (West Hampstead, N.W.).—We note your views on the "endowment of motherhood." Perhaps a bit for poor old father would be more in your line.

B. A. (Greenwich, S.E.).—Facts card-indexed for future reference. Please note that it is against rules to fasten papers together with a French nail.

DOROTHY B. (Manchester).—"What is the reason you have not answered . . . if my work has been beneficial for your paper. My work always refers to things in general." That's it; we have to be so very particular.

A. R. (Chatham).—Increase in salaries for permanent staff in Dockyard, but not for temporaries. Does the Admiralty think it costs "Temps." less to live—or what else is the caper?

"STEWARD" (Rouen).—"The stewards on these weekly boats receive no overtime. Hoping this will meet with your appreciation." Well, it doesn't. So there!

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

I sought it here, I sought it there,
I sought a good pen everywhere;
At last my heart with joy is full,
I've found the best of all—"JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (*June 7th, 1919.*)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

THE MOTHER'S GUIDE.—A Most Valuable Work. Free and Post Paid 6d. W. Wood, Ladies' Medical Specialist, 20, Louis Street, Leeds.

MODEL AEROPLANE, flies ¼-mile circular flight. Carriage paid 4s. Dept. J. B., Bristol Model Aeroplane Depot, Eastville, Bristol.

DAHLIAS.—Plant now Collarette, Cactus, Pompone. Single Show, 7s. per dozen, strong plants, post free. Dobbie and Co., Royal Florists, Edinburgh.

1,000 BILLHEADS, 3s. 6d.; Cards, Memos, Paper Bags for all Trades, cheapest in England. Samples free. Forward, Printers, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham.

CANARIES for Singing and Breeding. Crops protected against destructive Birds, Rats, by latest devices; either list free. Rudd, Bird specialist, Norwich.

GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Suits, Drapery, Watches, and Jewellery for cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Commission, highest paid. Apply Foreman, Contractors, H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

"RAYBECK" Invalids' Hand-Propelled Tricycles; Sturmey Archer 3-speed Gear; Dunlop Tyres; Ballbearings throughout; quick delivery; catalogue free. Rayner, 10 and 12, George Street, Blackpool.

ANY DISCHARGED DISABLED SOLDIER in the London area unable to work outside his home can be INSTRUCTED in EMBROIDERY with the prospect of well-paid work. Apply to Marchioness of Carisbrooke, 1042, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

READ "EVERYWOMAN'S"
The Paper for Everywoman.
EVERY TUESDAY. ONE PENNY.

Instructions for amateurs to enamel *a cycle.*

THE above practical instructions leaflet for amateurs to renovate cycles with Robbialac to equal stoved enamel, gladly sent on request to Jenson and Nicholson, Ltd, Sole Manufacturers of Robbialac, Instructions Department, Stratford, London, E.15. Robbialac is an air drying Enamel. Supplied in brilliant Black and Colours, in tins at 2/- upwards. Is, and has always been, All-British. For car painting ask for leaflet A.388

ROBBIALAC

Sold by all Cycle Agents.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years. CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM. Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

REDFERN CYCLE TYRES
The better tyred the bike the less tired the rider.
It's the extra "life" in Redfern Rubber that gives the extra mileage

GIVEN FREE!
Magnificent Plate of
Steve Donoghue
with every copy of
CHEERIO!

NOW ON SALE

THE plate is superbly printed in art photogravure and is well worth framing. Do not miss this splendid picture of the jockey of the year. Buy a copy of "Cheerio" to-day and make sure of it.

A CHEERFUL PAPER FOR CHEERFUL PEOPLE

Packed with Fun and Fiction

Fine Two-colour Cover—Dramatic and Funny Stories—Drawings by the best black and white artists—Weekly Cartoon by the famous G. M. Payne—Cinema Chat—Jokes of the Week—Smoking Room Stories—Photographs of Footlight Favourites—and a host of other attractive features.

On Sale every Tuesday

20 Pages for 1½d.

ASK FOR

CHEERIO!

The Paper that lives up to the spirit of its title.

Get this famous skin remedy to-day

Do you suffer from eczema? Are you disfigured by face spots or rash? Are you worried by skin irritation or tormented by a bad leg? End your skin trouble once and for all by using Antexema, the only known remedy that always succeeds, even after doctors, hospitals, and ointments have failed.

Antexema instantly stops all itching, and starts your cure. That is why you should get a bottle immediately. Non-greasy, and is invisible on the skin.

All chemists and stores, also Boot's, Lewis and Burrows', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Parke's, supply Antexema at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or direct, post free 1/6 and 3/- from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD
Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry Appliances, etc.
EASY TERMS — J. G. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

What About the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful future than any other institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home or overseas, aboard ship, in hospital, or barracks, and follows you round wherever you go. Post the coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., 81, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Please send me your free book containing full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X

—Mining	—Business Training
—Mechanical	—Secretaryship
—Draughtsmanship	—Salesmanship
—Electrical	—Advertising
—Building	—Window Dressing
—Marine	—Textiles
—Motors	—Chemistry
—Steam	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Boiler	—Woodworking
—Agriculture	—Furniture
—Poultry Farming	—Fruit Farming
—Civil Engineering	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list, write it here.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Don't be "Too proud to insure"— avail yourself of our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

'Bullets' Holiday Prizes

10 PRIZES OF TWO WEEKS FREE HOLIDAY

Consisting of return train fare and full board and residential expenses for one fortnight. The whole holiday expenses of each prize-winner will be paid, up to £12:12:0 (twelve guineas) in all, or, if preferred, a cheque for this amount will be sent in advance.

FIRST PRIZE £250

10 WEEK-END HOLIDAY PRIZES

Consisting of return train fare and full board and residential expenses for the week-end. The whole holiday expenses of each prize-winner will be paid, up to £6 : 6 : 0 (six guineas) in all, or, if preferred, a cheque for this amount will be sent in advance.

2ND PRIZE £25

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

3,000 FREE 'TARGET' PRIZES

3RD PRIZE £15

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you :—Example :—DOG'S LIFE. Bullet : KAISER'S OUGHT TO BE. Example : SOFT THINGS. Bullet : NOT GIRLS NOWADAYS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated June 28th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 334.

HAWKER'S FLIGHT	LADY GODIVA	MY HOLIDAY	OUT-OF-WORK PAY
GREAT ATTRACTION	SPEAKING HER MIND	SEASIDE CHARGES	WHAT A GAME
NOWADAYS	BARGAIN SALE	REGARDLESS OF COST	DOG'S LIFE
A MILLIONAIRE	MIXING THINGS UP	WEDDING DAY	IN WRONG DIRECTION
LIGHT ON TOP	LOOKING GLUM	COOL AND COLLECTED	UNFIT
I WILL	THE JUDGE'S DECISION	MONEY	FINDING FAULT
CURE FOR UNREST	SOFT THINGS	SEEING LIFE	HAPPY FATHER
FIGHTING	OPEN TO QUESTION	HARD TO FIND	WISH I HADN'T

No..... **Closing Date, Thursday, June 12th.**

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(334) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

No..... **Closing Date, Thursday, June 12th.**

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(334) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

No..... **Closing Date, Thursday, June 12th.**

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(334) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER. Envelopes should be marked "BULLETS" No. 334, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Write "Competition" on top left hand corner of the envelope.

☞ A further coupon will be found on the opposite page.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 335.

LEAVE IT TO BOTTOMLEY—BAD ENDING—GOOD BUSINESS—A PLEASANT SURPRISE—A BIT MIXED—KNOWING SMILE—BAD MEMORY—TRYING—SAUSAGES—HOLIDAY PRIZES—ALL TALK—LONG FACES—A LITTLE DEAR—HAD TOO MUCH—TREMBLING HANDS—MOST OBLIGING—PROMOTING A FAILURE—THE WRONG MAN—GOING AWAY—WELL-FILLED STOCKING.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 19th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **335**, in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 335**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for Competition **334.**

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Competition No. 332 ("Bullets" £1,000 Whitsun Offer) will be published in next week's issue.

Write it with a 'John Bull' Pen

for COUPON see page 18

The Manager,
"John Bull" Pen Dept.,
92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

THE JOHN BULL

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published in the first issue of each month.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....
Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

June 7, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

June 7, 1919. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

£500! ANOTHER BIG RACING PRIZE £500!

NO ENTRANCE FEES! £500 MUST BE WON! NO ENTRANCE FEES!

This week the sum of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS will be awarded for correctly placing the first three horses in the Royal Hunt Cup, or for the best forecast of the result. This large prize for racing skill MUST BE WON.

What You Have to Do.

YOU will find on this page a coupon. On it in the space opposite "1st" *you must write in ink the name of the horse*, as given on the list below, which you think will win the Royal Hunt Cup. Opposite "2nd" you must write the name of the horse which you think will finish Second, and opposite "3rd" the name of the horse which you think will finish Third.

So that if you think "ZINOVIA" will win, you will simply write "ZINOVIA" in the space against "1st" on the coupon. If you think that "GRAND FLEET" will finish Second, you will simply write "GRAND FLEET" in the space against "2nd" on the coupon. If you think that "DANSELLON" will finish Third, you will simply write "DANSELLON" against "3rd."

At the time of going to press it is impossible to state for certain which horses will run. All the possible runners are given in the list below.

In order to assist you to make a correct forecast, you are advised to read the papers day by day, and to study the form of the horses.

Remember this is a skill competition, and you must utilise judgment and discrimination in filling up your coupon.

The Five Hundred Pound Prize.

We shall award the cash prize of £500 (Five Hundred Pounds) to the competitor correctly placing the first three horses in the Royal Hunt Cup, to be run on June 18th, in accordance with the official decision. In the event of nobody doing this, the prize will be awarded for the nearest correct forecast received. Should more than one competitor be equally successful, the prize money will be divided.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this Competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Attempts can only be made on coupons taken from this page. They must not be enclosed with any "Bullets" coupons or correspondence.

MUST BE WON!—SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.—NO ENTRANCE FEES!

List of Possible Runners.

AFRICAN STAR.
ALASNAM.
ARION.
BAY OF NAPLES.
BIWA.
BRIGAND.
BRUFF BRIDGE.
CARADOS.
CHAUD.
CHURCH HISTORY.
CLAP GATE.
CONTROL.
CYCLIST.
DANSELLON.
DAPHNE.
DORELUS.
ELSINORE.
GIPSY LAD.
GRAND FLEET.
HERSELF.
IRISH ELEGANCE.
JUTLAND.
KING JOHN.
KNIGHT OF BLYTH.
LADY FARMER.
MAIN ROYAL.
MINTLEAF.
MY RONALD.
NOT MUCH.
OFFSHOOT.
OLD GOLD.
PAPER MONEY.
PATLANDER.
PENNANT.
PLANET.
POLYGNOTUS.
POLYSCOPE.
QUADRILLE.
RIVERSHORE.
ROIDEUR.
ROYAL BUCKS.
SCATWELL.
SOMERVILLE.
SQUARE MEASURE.
STROLLING SAINT.
WILSON.
X-RAY.
Z.Z.
ZINOVIA.

☞ *Please note that the closing date is Monday, June 16th.*

"JOHN BULL" ENTRANCE FORM ROYAL HUNT CUP COMPETITION.

Closing Date MONDAY, JUNE 16.

1st. — **Write clearly in ink,** in the space opposite this arrow, the name of the horse you think will win the R.H.C.

2nd. — **Write clearly in ink,** in the space opposite this arrow, the name of the horse you think will be placed second in the R.H.C.

3rd. — **Write clearly in ink,** in the space opposite this arrow, the name of the horse you think will be placed third in the R.H.C.

I enter the JOHN BULL Royal Hunt Cup Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

All coupons must be posted to reach us on or before Monday, June 16th. Envelopes to be addressed, R. H. C. COMPETITION, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. Write "Competition" in the top left corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 12th.

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(334) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page. If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

NOW FILL UP THIS "BULLETS" COUPON.

For full particulars see opposite page.

£250 FIRST PRIZE
20 HOLIDAY PRIZES

and over 4,000 other valuable awards.

MUST BE WON!

Gooseberries and Custard.

THE palate simply yearns for gooseberries in spring, and the young fruit is more tempting now than later in the season.

If your mouth is watering for gooseberries ask to have them stewed and served with FREEMANS CUSTARD. There is nothing more delicious than these seasonable dishes at this time of the year.

FREEMANS CUSTARD is the nearest approach to Devonshire Cream, and softens the sharpness of the fruit to a nicety.

MADE IN Delectaland where Pure Foods come from.

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